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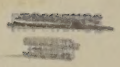

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Choice Dialect

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Characterizations

Containing Readings and Recitations in Irish, German Scotch, French, Negro and other Dialects

Compiled by

CHARLES C. SHOEMAKER

Philadelphia
The Penn
Publishing Company
1924

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CHOICE DIALECT

AND

OTHER CHARACTERIZATIONS

FOR

READING AND RECITATION

MARY O'CONNOR, THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

AN' shure I was tould to come here to your Honor,
To see if you'd write a few words to me Pat.
He's gone for a soger is Mister O'Connor,
Wid a stripe on his arm and a band to his hat.

An' what'll you tell him? It ought to be aisy
For such as your Honor to spake wid the pen,
An' say I'm all right, and that mavourneen Daisy
(The baby, your Honor) is betther agen.

For whin he went off, it's so sick was the childer,
She niver held up her blue eyes to his face,
And whin I'd be cryin', he'd look but the wilder,
And say would I wish for the country's disgrace?

So he left her in danger, and me sorely greeting,
And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy,
Oh! it's often I drame of the great drums a beating,
And a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy.

And say will he send me a bit of his money,
For the rint, and the doctor's bill, due in a week?
Well, surely, there's tears on your eyelashes, honey,
Ah! faith, I've no right wid such freedom to speak.

You're overmuch trifling—I'll not give you trouble;
I'll find some one willin'; oh! what can it be?
What's that in the newspaper folded up double?
Yer Honor—don't hide it—but read it to me.

What? Patrick O'Connor?—no, no, it's some other;
Daad! dead!—no, not him, 'tis a week scarce gone by;
Dead! dead! why, the kiss on the cheek of his mother;
It hasn't had time yet, yer Honor, to dry.

Don't tell me—it's not him—O God! am I crazy?
Shot dead!—oh! for love of sweet Heaven say no:
An' what'll I do in the world wid poor Daisy!
Oh! how will I live, and oh! where will I go!

The room is so dark—I'm not seein', your Honor;
I—think—I'll go home. And a sob quick and dry
Came sharp from the bosom of Mary O'Connor,
But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

MARY A. DENISON.

HOW PAT WENT COURTING.

(From The Leed Mercury.)

SHE'S consinted at last! Fur two years I'd thocht a dale ov Nelly McC ker, only I had nothin' ov an Irish boy's boldness to up and tell her that same.

But yisterday sez I to mesilf—"Pat Murky, now's yer toime, or niver." Nelly was in the pantry washin' dishes an' sumthin' shouted: "Ax her! She's too busy to look at yer, ony way." So I starts on with—"Troth, Nelly, it's a bad loife for a boy to be livin' alone." "Yis," sez she, wid nary a twinkle, "Mike Ryan, that's jist bin sent to prison, is in a bad way indade." "Och," sez I, "there's mony a boy that's lonely livin' rite wid his friends an' naybors. Sure an' I'm lonesome mesilf." "How can I b'lave that," sez she, "whin y've got a fiddul?" "Fidduls," sez I, "are cheerin', but I've got me two eyes set on somet, on somethin' cheeriner." She forgot to ax me what that sumthin' wus, so I trotted off by another road, sayin': "Faith, Nelly, I'm goin' back to Ould Ireland." "Indade," sez she, flirtin' the dishrag. "An' it's a pity ye iver cum over." "Yis," sez I, "Jane said that same in her last lether."

"An' who's Jane?" axt Nelly, gettin' red loike the crabs on the table besoid her. "She thinks a power o' me," sez I, onheedin'. "Shure an' that's quare. Is she young—as me?" "Yis." "An' better lookin'?" "Paple moight think so." "An' is she waitin' fur ye?" "Yis." "She'll be changin' names sure, I reckon?" "Yis." "Wat's her name now?" "Jane—Murky!" cried I, wid delight. "Thin she's your sister?" sez Nelly, cross ez her mistress. "Well, it aint much matter, seein' ez how I've got a boy wotchin' fur me over in Ballycoran." "Wat's his name?" axt I, turnin' hot an' cold all at wunst. "Barney Flynn," sez she. "About me size?" "Yis." "An' duz he luv ye?" "Nixt to the Vargin." "Is he comin' over sure?" "No." "Why not, bedad?" "Och, Pat, he's married alriddy!" "The spalpeen!" says I. "Don't give him

hard names," sez she, "Barney Flynn's me stip-brother!"

Then she lafft that purty laugh o' hern, an' I went up close. "Nelly," sez I. "Wat, Pat?" "Cud ye luv a boy loike me?" "Troth an' I wouldn't thry." "Why not, darlint?" "Faith, I was niver axt to." "Then I'll ax ye now." "Don't do it," sez she. "I'm that full o' work I couldn't reply for a month," and the dishes flew'd ivry wich way ez she said it. But I sat down on the stip. "I kin wait," sez I. "The misthress will come an' foind yez here." "I'll be plazed to mate her." "I'll tell her ye're a robber." "Begorra, that's just what I am, for I'm afther Nelly McCusker's heart!" "Ye'll be arrested." "I hav bin alriddy, an' yer blu' eyes did it!" sez I. "Cum, Nelly, lock me up in yer warm heart foriver." "Och, it's boulted an' I've lost the key." "Thin I'll cloimb in at the winder." She hung her curly hed fur a minit, and whin she lookt up I axt her to be me woife. "I'll guv ye five secinds," sez I. "Ef ye wull, just fotch me the big pewter spoon ye've bin wipin'; ef ye won't, thin put it back in the drawer!" She peeped at me over the top av it. "D'ye mane what ye say, Pat?" "Yis, darlint," sez I. "Thin here's the spoon."

UNCLE GABE AT THE CORN-SHUCKING.

DE stars is shinin' out de sky de brightes' eber seen;
De shucks behine', de corn befo', de niggers in between;
De likely gals is he'pin' an' deir shiny eyes a-blinkin':

De shucks is flyin' libely an' de pile ob corn is swinkin';*
De weeds is gittin' jewy—we mus' push de bizniss fas',
Dar's a little jug behin' us jes a-waitin' in de grass.
(You fellers stop your co'tin' tell you hear me raise de chune,
An' you better medjer orf de cloud dat's slidin' 'cross de moon!)
Now cl'ar your th'oats an' hep' me jes' sing a song or two;
We'll start out wid de "Johnson Gals" an' see what we kin do:

JOHNSON GALS.

Oh! taint nuffin' tall like de Johnson gals,
For dey bangs all de county out!
Folks on de creek gwine to look mighty sharp
When de Johnson gals come 'bout;
Dey libs in de quarters on de j'inin' place,
Right close to de en' o' de lane;
Dey's sweet as de hole in de 'lases bar'l
An' nice as de sugar-cane!

CHORUS.

Den, cl'ar de track for de Johnson gals!
Johnson gals!!
Johnson gals!!!
Oh! cl'ar de track for de Johnson gals!
Johnson gals is de gals for me!!

*Shrinking.

Oh! nigger wuk hard in de new groun' trac',
An' he git mighty tired in de plantin';
But he sing jes' same as a frog in de swamp,
When de ebenin' sun go to slantin';
No matter ef de plow-p'int hit 'g'in de rocks,
An' de day git hot as it please,
He know he gwine to see dem Johnson gals
When de moon clammin' up froo de trees!

De morkin' sing when de bright day breakin',
An' he wake up de bushes all aroun';
But he aint half sweet as de old whipperwill,
Dat sing when de sun gone down!
De morkin' tell you when to hitch up de team,
An' he call out de niggers to de hoes;
De whipperwill talk 'bout de Johnson gals,
'Cause he sing when de moon done rose!!

Den, far' you well, Miss Susie, dear,
Far' you well, Miss Jane!
I gwine out to see dat sweet bunch o' gals
Dat lib at de en' o' de lane!
Far' you well, my old true love,
I aint got time to stay!
I been out long wid de Johnson gals,
An' dey stole my heart away.

(At this stage of the musical entertainment, Uncle Gabe was accidentally struck on the head by an ear of corn, thrown from the hand of some one sitting behind him. The interruption called forth something like the following parenthetical observation in stalwart prose: "Lookee 'ere! what club-foot vilyun flung dat corn?

You kin shuck jes' as well widout bu's'in' de bark dat way! You settin' in de wrong place, 'way back dar, anyhow! Ef you piny woods niggers can't tell de top o' my head fum de pile o' clean corn, you better go home; an' ef you aint got 'nough strenk in your arm to pitch a ear o'corn ten foot, you better lay down an' res' awhile! Brer Ab, you lif' de nex' chune; my head gone to yoonin' same as a bumbler-bee nes'!")

J. A. Macon.

NEIGHBORS.

WHO'S that a-coming up the path?
Run, Betsey Jane, and see;
I'll bet it's hateful old Miss Jones
A-comin' here to tea!
Miss Perkins, is it? deary me!
I'd rather hear it thunder—
She's allers out a-tattlin'—
What brings her here, I wonder?

I hope she's only come to call—
Don't ask her, dear, to stay;
For, if you urged her hard enough
She'd never go away.
Of all the wimmen that I know
Miss Perkins beats them holler;
She's comin' here to spy around,
I'll bet a silver dollar.

She's got her old silk bonnet on,
It's older than the hills!
I'm sure it looks redickerlous
All ruffles, tucks, and frills:

Good gracious me! she's got her work—
I'll hev to get my knittin';
I s'pose you knew Bill Smith had give
Her darter Ann the mitten.

Come in! Miss Perkins, is that you?
I'm desprit glad you've come;
For, as I said to Betsey Jane,
The house seems awful dumb!
Miss Perkins, take the rockin'-chair,
An', Betsey, take her bonnet;
Be sure you put it where the flies
An' dust won't get upon it.

Sez I, not half an hour ago,
Sez I to Betsey Jane
I wonder where Miss Perkins is,
Why don't she come again?
Sez I, I hope she'll come to-day
If nothin's up to hinder;
She's comin' now, says Betsey Jane,
A-lookin' out the winder.

Miss Perkins, take a pinch of snuff
An' tell us all the news,
I haven't heard 'em in so long
I've almost got the blues.
Miss Johnson got a new silk dress!
Miss Perkins, well, I never!
I wonder if she really thinks
Her money'll last forever!

Miss Perkins, yes, I was at church;
Now want you glad to hear

The preacher preach so plain on dress?
It hit some folks so clear!
Miss Primrose colored, like a beet—
You know she wore a feather;
An' Sarah Grimes was awful mad—
It hit 'em both together.

I wonder if 'Squire Pettibone
Hain't got a bran new wig?
I really do dislike that man,
He feels so awful big!
You saw him walking t'other night
Along with Katherine Snyder?
Miss Perkins, that'll make a match,
I'll bet a pint of cider.

The deacon's son is waitin' on
Miss Grimes' cousin Rose—
What for, do you suppose?
I hardly think he'll marry her;
His father won't be willin',
For she's as poor as poor can be—
She isn't worth a shillin'.

I suppose you knew Mariar Smith
Had named her darter Lily;
I'd call her Cabbage, Hollyhock—
That aint a bit more silly.

Miss Perkins, have you heard about
That fuss with Peleg Brown?
You hain't! Why goodness, gracious me,
It's all about the town!

They think he cheats his customers
A-sellin' salaratus,
An' say they've ketched his oldest son
A-stealin' green tomatoes.

Of course you've heard the talk that's round
About the widder Hatch;
They say she's after Thomas Sweet,
And that'll be a match.
Her husband haint been dead six months,
An' now she wants another;
She'd never be my da'ter-in-law,
If I was Thomas' mother.

Have I heard of the weddin'? No!
Who, underneath the sun?
John Wait and Huldy Robinson!
Miss Perkin's, you're in fun;
Why, he's as much as fifty-two,
And Huldy isn't twenty;
But then you know the reason why—
The old fool's cash is plenty.

Miss Perkins, now, 'twixt you and I,
My Betsey an' your Ann
Are smart as any girls in town
Deservin' of a man.
That spruce young clerk in Woodard's store,
As I was just remarkin',
Was here till ten last Sunday night—
I guess he thinks o' sparkin'.

Miss Perkins, are you going now?
One thing I'd like to know—

(Go bring her bonnet, Betsey Jane)—
What makes you hurry so?
Your bonnet's just as nice as new—
I swan it's right in fashion;
Them ruffles an' them gethers here
Are really very dashin'.

Oh! yes, Miss Perkins, I shall come.
You must come down ag'in;
You haven't been here in so long,
It really is a sin!
Good a'ternoon! Yes, Betsey Jane
Shall come an' see your da'ter.
There! Is she gone? I really hope
She got what she was a'ter!
In all my life I never did
See such a tattlin' critter.
They ought to call her "Scandal Bones"—
I'm sure the name would fit her.
I s'pose I must return her call,
But I wasn't sociable at all.

DAT YALLER GOWN.

DAT'S de cutes' pickaninny
Eber bo'n in dis heah town;
Dey's none sich in ole Virginny
As him in dat yaller gown.

yo' nebber seed a chile so kearful
'Bout his cloze; dey's al'us clean;
Jes' to speck 'em hurts 'im fearful—
De proudes' chile yo' ebber seen!

Bress his heart! Jes' heah 'im holler?
Han'sum, aint he? Like his dad;
De gander, now, he's tryin' to foller;
Down he goes! Dat makes him mad.

Jump up spry, now, Alexander;
Kearful! Doan ye see dat mud?
Heah me, chile! yo'll riz my dander,
If ye s'ile dat bran new dud!

Stop dis instep! stop dat sprawlin'!
Hi! yo' Alexander Brown!
Dar's a puddle, an' yer crawlin'
To'ard it wid yer yaller gown!

See yo'self, now, jes a-drippin'
Wid dat black degustful sile,
Keeps me half de time a-strippin'
Off yer cloze—ye nasty chile.

Pay distenshum whan I holler!
'Fo' de Lawd! chile, suah's yer bo'n,
If I ebber see yo' waller
In dat hole ag'in, yer gone.

Come dis way! Yes, dat's my t'ankin';
Nex' time look out whar ye go;
Yer desarvin' sich a spankin'
As yer nebber had befo'!

Aint yer 'shamed, yeh good-fo'-nuffin'
Little niggah? 'T sarved ye right,
Case yer al'us inter suffin'
S'ilin', if it's in yer sight.

Dar; now what's de good in bawlin'?
Dat won't slick yer gown ag'in;
Yo' air de wustest 'coon fer crawlin'
In de mud I ebber seen.

CHARLES H. TURNER.

THE MUTILATED CURRENCY QUESTION.

"I CAN'T take that nickel," said a horse-car conductor to a man who got in at the City Hall.

"Vat vos de matter mit dat goin?" asked the passenger blandly.

"It's no good. It's got a hole it," replied the conductor gruffly.

"Ish dot so? Off you plase show me dot hole."

"Look at it. We can't take any such money as that."

"Oxcuse me," smiled the passenger, and he handed over a dime.

"That's worse yet," growled the conductor.

"Vas dot dime full of holes too?" asked the passenger, looking up innocently.

"Here's a whole side chipped out. We aint allowed to take mutilated money," and the conductor handed it back.

"So?" inquired the passenger, "hav you got changes for heluf a dollar?" and he passed over another coin.

"What's this?" asked the conductor, contemptuously. "It's as bald as a deacon. There ain't a scratch on it to show whether it's an overcoat button or a skating rink. Haven't you got any money?"

"Vell I should make smiles!" said the passenger, good-humoredly. "Here is fife tollar, and you can

baste it together ven you got some leisures. Haf you got changes off dot fife dollars?" and he handed over a bill torn in four or eight pieces.

"I don't want no more fooling," said the conductor. "If you can't pay your fare get off."

"Vell, don't make so many droubles. I vill bay you," and he pulled out a Mexican quarter. "Gif me bennies," he suggested.

"Look here, are you going to pay your fare, or not?"

"Of gourse. May be you vas vating for dat moneys," and he took back his quarter, and submitted an English sixpence.

"Now you get off this car!" roared the conductor.

"Vere has dose cars got by?" asked the passenger, rising to obey.

"Fulton Ferry!" said the conductor.

"Den I may as vell get owit. You dell dem gompanies dot some dimes dey make more money as oder dimes, off dey dook voteffer dey got, instead of going mitout nodings, don't it?"

And the smiling passenger, having ridden to the end of the line, crossed the ferry, observing to himself: "Dot vas petter off I safe such moneys, und some dimes I go owit to East Nyarich, und it don'd gost me no more as nodings at all."

BROOKLYN EAGLE.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

STRANGER here? Yes, come from Varmont,
Rutland County. You've hearn tell,
Mebbe, of the town of Granville?
You born there? No! Sho! Well, well!

You was born at Granville, was you?
Then you know Elisha Brown,
Him as runs the old meat market
At the lower end of town?
Well, well, well! Born down in Granville,
And out here, so far away!
Stranger, I'm home sick already,
Though it's but a week to-day
Since I left my good wife standin'
Out there at the kitchen door,
Sayin' she'd ask God to keep me;
And her eyes were runnin' o'er.
You must know old Albert Wither
Henry Bull, and Ambrose Cole,
Know them all! And born in Granville?
Well, well, well! God bless my soul!
Sho! you're not old Isaac's nephew,
Isaac Green, down on the flat,
Isaac's oldest nephew—Henry?
Well, I'd never thought of that!
Have I got a hundred dollars
I could loan you for a minute,
Till you buy a horse at Marcy's?
There's my wallet! Just that in it!
Hold on, though! You have ten, mebbe,
You could let me keep; you see
I might chance to need a little
Betwixt now and half-past three.
Ten. That's it; you'll owe me ninety;
Bring it round to the hotel.
So you're old friend Isaac's nephew?
Born in Granville! Sho! Well, well!
What! Policeman! Did you call me?

That a rascal going there?
Well, sir, do you know I thought so,
And I played him pretty fair;
Hundred-dollar bill I gave him
Counterfeit—and got his ten!
Ten ahead! No! You don't tell me!
This bad, too! Sho! Sold again!

ANON.

PAT'S LETTER.

WELL, Mary, me darlint, I'm landed at last,
And troth, though they tell me the st'amer was fast
It sames as if years upon years had gone by
Since Paddy looked intill yer beautiful eye!
For Amerikay, darlint—ye'll think it is quare—
Is twinty times furder than Cork from Kildare;
And the say is that broad, and the waves are that high,
Ye're tossed, like a fut-ball, 'twixt wather and shky;
And ye fale like a pratie just burstin' the shkin,
That all ye can do is to howld yersilf in.
Ochone! but, me jewel, the say may be grand:
But whin ye come over, dear, thravel by land!

It's a wondherful counthry this—so I am towld—
They'll not look at guineas, so chape is the gowld;
And the three that poor mother sewed into my coat
I sowld for a thrifle, on l'aving the boat,
And the quarest of fashions ye iver have seen!
They pay ye with picters all painted in green.
And the crowds that are rushing here, morning and night,

Would make the Lord Lieutenant shake with the fright.
The strates are that full that there's no one can pass,
And the only law is, "Do not tread on the grass."
Their grass is the quarest of shows—by me vow—
For it wouldn't be munched by a Candlemas cow.

Tell father I wint, as he bid me, to see
His friend, Tim O'Shannon, from Killycaughnee.
It's rowling in riches O'Shannon is now,
With a wife and tin babies, six pigs and a cow,
In a nate little house, standing down from the strate,
With two beautiful rooms, and a pig-stye complate.
I thought of ye, darlint, and dramed such a drame!
That mebbe, some day, we'd be living the same;
Though, troth, Tim O'Shannon's wife niver could dare
(Poor yaller-skinned craythur) with you to compare;
While as for the pigs, shure twas aisy to see
The bastes were not mint for this land of the free.

I think of ye, darlint, from morning till night;
And whin I'm not thinking, ye're still in me sight!
I see your blue eyes, with the sun in their glance—
Your smile in the meadow, your fut in the dance.
I'll love ye, and thrust ye, both living and dead!
(Let Phil Blake look out for his carroty head!)
I'm working, acushla, for you—only you!
And I'll make ye a lady yit, if ye'll be thrue;
Though, troth, ye can't climb Fortune's laddher so
quick,
Whin both of your shouldhers are loaded with brick.
But I'll do it—I declare it, by—this and by that—
Which manes what I daren't say—from

Your own PAT.

THE PRAYER.

'TWAS a night of dread in Charleston, and the air
was thick with fear:
Never yet had such a terror dropped its raven mantle
here;
Never yet had deathly sorrow had so strange and sudden
birth
As upon the visitation of this tempest of the earth.

For the startled ground was surging as the waves of
stormy seas,
And the belfries of the churches fell like stricken forest
trees,
And the walls that long had lorded over seen and unseen
foe
Covered thick with costly ruins this tornado from below.

There were some who prayed God's presence, who to
God had long been near;
There were some for help entreating with repentance
made of fear;
There were some who raved in madness through the
long and murderous night;
There were corses calmly waiting for a mourner's tearful
sight.

And that dark race whose religion has a superstitious
trend,
And whose superstition clambers toward an everlasting
Friend,

They were shouting in their frenzy, or in terror meekly dumb,
For they thought the opening signal of the Judgment-day had come.

But there sudden rose among them one of earth's untutored kings,
One of those unlooked-for leaders whom an hour of danger brings,
And he prayed—as souls are apt to, full of sympathy and love—
Partly to the souls around him, partly to the God above.

And he said: "I guess it's come, Lawd—dis yer day dat's stayed so long—
For de symptoms all aroun' here dey be mos' tremendous strong;
But we aint quite ready yet, Lawd, neber min' how well prepared;
We feel safe in Thy good mercy, but we're eberlastin' scared!

"For You see we're mos'ly human when de grave comes re'lly nigh,
An' de spirit wants its freedom, but de flesh it hates to die!
We've been teasin' You for hebben all de summer long, I know;
But we aint in half de hurry dat we was awhile ago.

"When we come to look it over in de light ob pain an' fear,
Dere is holes in all our armor dat at first view didn't appear;

An' we'd like to patch 'em over, if it's all de same to
You;
Put it off a yeah, for certain—or perhaps You'd make
it two!

"Then we've got some poor relations who may neber
see Thy face
If dey do not earn de riches ob de sin-destroyin' grace;
Lord, protect dem wid Thy patience, jus' de same like
as before,
An' keep diggin' roun' dose fig-trees for anudder year
or more!

"Let dem off a little longer! In de light ob dis event
Dey may recognize de season as a fine one to repent!
Dey will like Ye when dey know Ye, an' be glad to
enter in,
An' dere's some dat's awful good, Lawd, ef it wasn't for
deir sin!

"Dis yer world has lots of fine folks, who is anxious,
I'm afraid,
Fore to pick a little longer 'fore dey have deir baskets
weighed;
An' dere'd be a large major'ty who would vote, it must
be owned,
For to hab de world's big fun'ral eberlastin'ly pos'-
poned!

"An' You know, O good dear Fathah, dat Your time is
all home-made,
An' a thousan' years is nothin' in your golden steel-
yards weighed;

Keep de same ol' footstool yet, Lawd; hol' it steady, I implore!
It'll maybe suit You better if you use it jes once more!

"But ob co'se our weak-eyed wisdom's like a rain-drop in de sea,
An' we aint got any business to be mendin' plans for Thee;
If it's time to leave dese quarters an' go somewhar else to board,
Make de journey jes as easy as Your justice can afford!

"An' we know You hab a fondness for de average human soul,
So we'll hab consid'ble courage at de callin' ob de roll;
You're our sure 'nuff livin' Fathah—You're our fathah's God an' frien'—
To de Lawd be praise an' glory, now an' evermore! Amen!"

'Twas a day of peace in Charleston, after many days of dread,
And the shelterless were sheltered, and the hungry had been fed;
And the death-invaded city through its misery now could grope,
And look forward to a future fringed with happiness and hope.

And those faithful dusky Christians will maintain for evermore
That the fervent prayers they offered drove destruction from their shore;

And how much faith moves a mountain, or commands a
rock to stay,
Is unknown to earthly ignorance, and for only God to
say

WILL CARLETON.

BE CONTENT.

SAW ye ne'er a lonely lassie,
Thinkin' gin she were a wife,
The sun of joy wad ne'er gae down,
But warm and cheer her a' her life?
Saw ye ne'er a weary wife,
Thinkin' gin she were a lass,
She wad aye be blithe and cheerie,
Lightly as the day wad pass.

Wives and lassies, young and aged,
Think na on each ither's state;
Ilka ane it has its crosses,
Mortal joy was ne'er complete.
Ilka ane it has its blessings,
Peevish dinna pass them by,
But like choicest berries seek them,
Tho' among the thorns they lie.

SPEAK NAE ILL.

OTHER people have their faults,
And so have you as well;
But all ye chance to see or hear
Ye have no right to tell.

If ye canna speak o' good,
Take care, and see and feel;
Earth has all too much o' woe,
And not enough o' weal.

Be careful that ye make nae strife
Wi' meddling tongue and brain;
For ye will find enough to do
If ye but look at hame.

If ye canna speak o' good,
Oh! dinna speak at all;
For there is grief and woe enough
On this terrestrial ball.

If ye should feel like picking flaws,
Ye better go, I ween,
And read the book that tells ye all
About the mote and beam.

Dinna lend a ready ear
To gossip or to strife,
Or perhaps 'twill make for ye
Nae sunny things of life.

Oh! dinna add to others' woe,
Nor mock it with your mirth;
But give ye kindly sympathy
To suffering ones of earth.

A STREET GAMIN'S STORY OF THE PLAY.

TWO small boys were looking at the large black and red posters on the boards in front of a Bowery variety theatre. The larger of the boys wore a man's

overcoat, the sleeves of which had been shortened by rolling them up till his red and grimy hands protruded. The big coat was open in front, revealing a considerable expanse of cotton shirt. His hands were thrust in his trousers' pockets. The visor of his heavy wool cap had come loose, except at the ends, and it rested on his nose. His smaller companion wore a jacket and trousers that were much too small even for him. His hat was of black felt and of the shape of a sugar loaf. His eyes were round with wonder at the story his friend in the big overcoat was telling him. It seemed to be a synopsis of the play, scenes in which were pictured on the boards.

"This duffer," said the boy, taking one hand from his pockets and pointing to the picture of a genteel man with a heavy black moustache, "is the vill'n. It begins wid him comin' on the stage, and sayin':

"'What, ho! Not here yet?'

"Then an Eyetalian wid big whiskers—he's the vill'n's pall—comes on, and the vill'n tells him the girl mus' be did away wid, so he can get the boodle.

"'How mucha you giv a,' says the Eyetalian.

"'Five thousand dollars,' says the vill'n, and they makes the bargain. The Eyetalian is goin' to make b'lieve that the girl is his'n, git her away f'm her friends, and kill her. While they is makin' the bargain a Dutchman comes out, an' says he:

"'Maybe yer don't was tink I haf heard sometings, don't it? I vill safe dot girl!'

"The next scene is in a big, fine house. An' old woman all dressed up swell is tellin' a young feller that the girl is heir to fifty thousand dollars, an' dey don't know who her fader and mudder was. The young feller tells his mudder that he don't care who her folks

was, an' that he'll marry her anyway, even if she is blind. The ole woman goes out, and a be-youtiful girl comes in, pawin' the air 'cause she's blind and can't see, and says she to the young chap:

"'It can't never be!'

"The feller don't b'lieve her, an' tells her she's given' him guff. After a lot of coaxin' she owns up that she is, an' he spreads out his fins and hollers:

"'Then you do love me, Marie?' and she tumbles.

"Then an ole man wid a white wig comes in—he's the doctor—an' he looks at the girl's eyes an' says that he can cure 'em but it may kill her. He takes out two bottles and says:

"'In this is sump'n that'll put yer into a sleep. Will yer risk it?'

"'Be this me answer,' said the girl, an' she swallers the bottle an' tips over on the lounge.

"Just before the doctor is goin' to fix her eyes, the Eyetalian jumps in an' says:

"'Where is mai poor childa?' an' he won't let the doctor do anythin'. There is a big row, an' the Dutchman comes in an' says:

"'She don't vas his child.'

"But the Eyetalian lugs her off, an' the vill'n—he turns out to be her cousin—gets all the money.

"The next scene is in the street. The Eyetalian an' the be-youtiful girl all dressed in rags comes along, and she says:

"'I'm s-o-o tired.'

"'How mucha money you gotta?' says the Eyetalian, an' she says she haint got no money. Then he goes to kill her, an' the Dutchman hops out an' yells:

"'You macaroni dago,' an' the Eyetalian lights out.

"The Dutchman he takes the girl into his house, an comes out into the street. The girl's feller comes along, an' while they is talkin' the Eyetalian sneaks back and steals the girl away. But the Dutchman's dog follers him and shows the way to the cop an' the Dutchman when they finds out that the girl is gone. They find her in a place where lots of Eyetalians is playin' poker. There's a big row agin, an' the girl is took out an' carried back to her home. In the row the Eyetalian gets all chawed up by the Dutchman's dog, the cop lugs him off, an' he's sent up for ten years.

"In the last act the girl's eyes has been fixed, an' she's sittin' on the piazzer. The papers has been found an' the vill'n has hollered, 'I'm l-host, I'm l'host!' The girl is sayin' how glad she'll be to see her feller an' look into his eyes, when the Eyetalian, who has skipped the ranch, comes cr-e-e-pin' along in striped togs, an' says he to hisself:

"'I will now have mia r-r-evenge.'

"The lights is turned down, an' the big fiddle goes zub-zub, zub-zub.

"The Eyetalian creeps up and grabs the be-youtiful young girl and hollers, 'I will killa you!' an' pulls a big knife out of his breeches' pocket. The young girl yells, an' jest as he's going to jab her wid the knife, they all rushes in, an' the darkey pulls out a pop an' lets the Eyetalian have it in the ribs, and the Eyetalian tumbles down an' squirms, an' the be-youtiful young girl faints away in her feller's arms, an' down goes the curtain."

ANON.

OVER THE CROSSIN'.

"SHINE? shine, sor? Ye see, I'm just a-dien
Ter turn yer boots inter glass
Where ye'll see all the sights in the winders
'Ithout lookin' up as yer pass.
Seen me before? I've no doubt, sor;
I'm punctooal haar, yer know,
Waitin' along the crossin'
Fur a little un', name o' Joe;
My brother, sor, an' a cute un',
Ba'ly turned seven, an' small,
But gettin' his livin' grad'ely
Tendin' a bit uv a stall
Fur Millerkins down the av'nue;
Yer kin bet that young un's smart—
Worked right in like a vet'run
Since th' old un' gin 'im a start.

"Folks say he's a picter o' father,
Once mate o' the 'Lucy Lee'—
Lost when Joe wor a baby,
Way off in some furrin sea.
Then mother kep' us together,
Though nobody thought she would,
An' worked an' slaved an' froze an' starved
Uz long uz ever she could.
An' since she died an' left us,
A couple o' year ago,
We've kep' right on in Cragg Alley,
A-housekeepin'—I an' Joe.
I'd just got my kit when she went, sor,

An' people helped us a bit,
So we managed to get on somehow;
Joe wus allus a brave little chit;
An' since he's got inter bisness,
Though we don't ape princes an' sich,
'Taint of'n we git right hungry,
An' we feel pretty tol'able rich.

"I used to wait at the corner,
Jest over th' other side;
But the notion o' bein' tended
Sort o' ruffled the youngster's pride,
So now I only watches
To see that he's safe across;
Sometimes it's a bit o' waitin',
But, bless yer, 'taint no loss!
Look! there he is now, the rascal!
Dodgin' across the street
Ter s'prise me—an'—look! I'm goin'—
He's down by the horses' feet!"

Suddenly all had happened—
The look, the cry, the spring,
The shielding Joe as a bird shields
Its young with sheltering wing;
Then up the full street of the city
A pause of the coming rush,
And through all the din and the tumult
A painful minute of hush:
A tumble of scattered brushes,
As they lifted him up to the walk,
A gathering of curious faces,
And snatches of whispered talk;

Little Joe all trembling beside him
On the flagging, with gentle grace
Pushing the tangled, soft brown hair
Away from the still, white face.
At his touch the shut lids lifted,
And swift over lip and eye
Came a glow as when the morning
Flushes the eastern sky;
And a hand reached out to his brother,
As the words came low but clear—
"Joe, I reckon ye mind our mother:
A minute back she wor here,
Smilin' an' callin' me to her!
I tell ye, I'm powerful glad
Yer such a brave, smart youngster:
The leavin' yer aint so bad.
Hold hard to the right things she learnt us,
An' allus keep honest an' true;
Good-bye, Joe—but mind, I'll be watchin'
Just—over—the crossin'—fur you!"

SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

THET BOY OV OURN.

WHY, Judge Grey, as I'm alive! Come in an' take a cheer;
Ye hain't be'n in for quite a spell—it seems a'most a year.
I tho't I heerd a rappin' tew, an' yit I wa'n't quite shoar,
But I hadn't the slight'st idee, my child, thet you was at the door.

Take off yer things. No? Jes' drop't in? Why,
Linda, can't ye stay?
I'm lo'some now since Dan'l's ded; I miss 'im ev'ry day.
'Twould cheer me up ef ye w'd stop, for when I set
alone
I think uv thet wild boy uv ourn, an' grieve, an' sigh,
an' groan.

I know it's—mighty weak—in me to take on so 'fore
you,
(Why can't—I find thet—hankercher) an' yit what kin
I deu?
Ef't want fer sheddin' now an' then, I think my heart
ud bust,
Fer in sortin' out our trials I b'leve the Lord gev me
the wust.

Mebbe ye'd like to heer, my chile, jes' what I've hed to
bear;
I haint tole many people yit—ther haint be'n many
here.
I'm a'most allus feered to start I git to snifflin' so,
But I'll try to keep the flood-gates shet an' not go 'long
tew slow.

Jes' fifteen year ago this month, on a shiny Sabbith
morn,
Es the bells wuz ringin' fer sinner an' saint, thet boy uv
ourn wuz born.
We gev the boy a Script'ral name which wuz Eliakim;
But, Linda Grey, thet godly name wuz very onfit fer
him.

I spoze ther's some good reason why our futur's allus
sealed,
An' p'raps it's jes' as well fer me thet mine haint be'n
revealed;
But ef I'd know'd a leetle ahead, I'd made some things
more trim
By namin' thet boy Beelzebub instid uv Eliakim.
Heigh hum!

Dan'l an' me set hope on Li, our fust an' only child,
Fer we b'leved the Lord thet Sabbith day had looked
on him an' smiled:
So 'fore he'd be'n on airth we both on us agreed
To make a preacher outen 'im for sowin' the blessid
seed.

But life is mighty thwartin', chile (I feered I'd act this
way),
'N it's no use layin' o' plans, I find—not even fer to-day
An', Linda, you may profit by one moril I hev gleaned,
It's never chuse yer child's career a year afore it's
weaned.

Resumin', 'Liakim grow'd an' thruv an' made me worlds
o' care,
Fer instid o' sowin' the seed, I feered he'd make a sower
o' tare.
He never tuck to useful books, an' tore up all my tracks,
He liked sech works es "Snakefoot Jim," with flarin'
yeller backs.

I had ter thrash 'im ev'ry day, an' Sundays allus twice;
Fer tho' I talked a heap tew 'im I used the strap fer
spice;

But the more I talked an' the more I strapped the wus
he seemed to git,
An' one night Dan'l askt o' me ef 'twan't about time to
quit.

"Jane," sez he (I see 'im now a closin' the blessid book)
"I 'gin to fear we've missed our pints a viewin' the
course we've took.
I'd think es soon o' countin' the stars, or spungin' up
the sea,
Es drivin' thet boy ter Zion, an' makin' 'im bend the
knee.

"I tell ye, wife, our tactics' wrong, we've ben a heap
tew strict,
The strap's a good subdooar shoar, but never will convict.
Take this advice, or never hope to realize your dream;
Use milk o' human kindness some, an' don't skim off the
cream."

"Dan'l Clack," sez I, "look here"—fer I got rather
vexed—
"Sence you've sot out to preach tew me I'll jes' give ye
a text:
'Spare the rod an' spile the chile;' you've sed the same
afore;
So while ther's life I'll persevere, an' talk an' thrash the
more."

He didn't say a single word, but look'd at me so sad;
(I never speak o' that—somehow—but what I break out
bad.)

Fer though we've traveled side by side fer nigh to twenty
year,
Thet wuz the fust an' unly time thet things got out o'
gear.

What? Seven o'clock? I'm keepin' ye; I'm a'most
done, my chile,
'Liakim grow'd no better fast, an' I got fairly wild;
An' the more I struv, the more he struv, an' got from
bad to wus,
Until fer stubbornness I tho't he'd beat the most pervus.

He kind o' tuck to Dan somehow mor'n he did to me,
An' how the man controlled the chile I wan't quite
clear tew see,
But now them words flow through my mind in one con-
tinuous stream,
"Use the milk o' human kindness some, an' don't skim
off the cream." Heigh hum!

I tried to keep 'im in the house, an' from corruptin'
boys;
But he'd git out an' jine the gang, an' top the rest fer
noise.
He'd play fer keeps, an' go to shows, an' run to all the
fires,
Till I 'most tho't my fondest hopes were nothin' but
vain desires.

He come a shameful thing on me in open church one
day,
I'd led 'im to the anxious seat to hev 'im seek the way;

But afore I got thet torment down, he slipped his hand
an' run,
An' left me standin', while the folks wuz snickerin' et
the fun.

But after awhile the climack came, as climacks will, ye
know,
An' then I 'gin to b'leve 'twuz true thet "Life's a fleetin'
show."
You see I hed one Bible, chile, I allus kep' fer nice—
I think in fifteen year or more, I used it only twice.

But one day our good old elder called, so I got out thet
book,
An' when he 'gin to hunt the place I stood thar horror
struck—
Fer in betwixt them precious leaves, an' right afore
Elder Slim,
Wuz scattered a pack o' greasy keards that b'longed to
'Liakim.

'Course I fainted thar an' then, an' Elder Slim went
home,
I tuck so sick 'twas thirteen days afore I left my room;
But afore I tuck I flailed thet 'Li, in a way I'd call
intense,
An' thet same night he lef' the house an' hain't ben
nigh it sence.

Wal, chile, 'twas terrible bad for me an' made my spirits
low
To think I struv so powerful hard, fer Satan tew flank
me so;

An' then (I hev to cry or drown) 's ef I hadn't enough
tew bear,
Dan'l he tuck the thing so hard—he died—in less 'n a
year.

An' now I'm spendin' this life alone; no husban', nor
no boy;
An' bidin' the time when I shill try a life without alloy;
But, chile, ef you should hev a son an' chuse the
preacher's scheme,
Try milk o' human kindness shoar, and don't skim off
the cream.

JERE DE BROWN.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF BIDDY MALONE.

I'VE answered tin advortoisements in two days, but niver a place I got at all, at all. The furrest quistion they ax me is, "Can ye cook?" And whin I say "I'll thry," they tell me I'll not suit. Shure a body would think there was nothing in the worruld to do but cook, cook, cook; bad luck to the cookin'. I've been in the country jist four weeks nixt Tchuesday, and this is Monday, and I've had enough of yer Yankee cookin', and I'll have no more of it.

I've lost three places already with this cookin', shure. The furrest lady, sez she, "Can ye cook?" Sez I, "Shure, mum, I can that, for it's many a murphy I've cooked at me home beyant the sea." So I wint into the kitchen, an' me thrunk wint up to the attic. Sez the missus, afther a while, "Bridget, here's a turkey; shtuff it an roast it."

Well, at two o'clock she comes into the kitchen, and

sez she, "Bridget, how is it ye are so late wid the dinner. Isn't the turkey done yet?" Sez I, "I'll see, mum." I wint to the pot an took off the lid. "Look, mum," sez I. "You've burnt the fowel to paces," sez she. Sez I, "Shure you tould me to stuff the burd and roast it; so I shtuffed it into the pot." Well, meself and me thrunk left that same noight.

The nixt place I wint the lady was troubled wid a wakeness. Sez she, "Biddy, dear, ye'll foind a piece of bafe in the refrigeratorio; git it and make me some bafe tea." Well, afther huntin' all over for the refrigeratorio, I found the mate in a chist forninst a chunk of ice. I put the mate in a tea-pot an' lit it dhraw fur a few minuts, an' thin I took it to the missus, wid a cup, a saucer, an' a shpoon. "Biddy, dear," sez she, "ye needen't moind a sendin' for your thrunk." So I lost that place, too.

The nixt place was an ould widower's house; he had two lazy childer; wan was twinty an' the other was twinty, too; they were twins, ye see. Well, the butcher brought some oysters. Sez the lazy twins, "We'll have thim shtewed." Well, I did shtew thim, but the shpalpeens discharged me because I biled thim like praties wid their jackets on.

So here I am, this blessed day, a poor, lone gurl, saking a place at sarvice. Bad luck to the Yankee cookin'. Well, I'll shtop at one more place—let me see. Yis, here's the advertoisement: "Wanted, a gurl in a shmall family consisting of thirteen childer an' two adults." Well, I'd rather do their work, even if it was a big family, than be bothered with shtuffed turkey, bafe tea, or shtewed oysters. I'll call on the shmall family.

GEORGE M. VICKERS.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN EGYPT.

A "FOOL PA'SON" AND A WAYWARD SISTER RECONCILED.

ON the night of the earthquake shock I was sitting with Millie, my fourteen-year-old colored protege, conning over her lesson just opposite me, when there was a knock. Millie answered the summons, but dodged back precipitately as she recognized the dusky face of the deacon of the colored church.

"Evenin', Sist' Harris; evenin', Madam," said the caller, shambling in with an obsequious bow. "I call', Sist' Harris, fo' to 'vite you down to meet de trustees; we is 'bout to hol' a meetin', and we 'poses to rivesticate dis little diff'ence twix you an' de pa'son."

"Hum," grunted my protege; "I—I ain' meetin' no trustees dis night. I got no diff'ence wiv de pa'son. He lets me 'lone, I lets him 'lone. Dat's my 'ligion, dat is."

"*I*-y-ye bettah be a-answerin' to de summons. I 'vises ye as a frien' to be a-givin' in yo' side of de treble whilst de do' am open to ye, Sist' Millie. Ye bettah be a-comin'."

"Now, I tol' you I aint a-comin'," repeated the obdurate sister. "Ye kin jes' be steppin' back fo' you pains an' tell dat wall-eyed pa'son I got no use fo' him, no how, an' neber did hab, an' I aint a-carin' waver dey infirms me de nex' church meetin' or not. Now git; ye need'en be-a-standin' dah, fo' I ain' a-comin', an' dat's de en' on it."

"Ah! Sist' Millie, dis ain' no way fo' a sist' to ack. But de deble am hol'in' sway in yo' heart, suah, an' I

leabes ye to him diniquitous powah, Sist' Millie. I leabes ye to him, till de Good Lo'd kem along wid de rolling an' rumblin' an' shakin of de foun'ations of de yearth, an' den ye'll be glad to git up an' kem ag'in." With which warning he shambled off.

"'Deed, I ain' goin' to no church meetin'," growled Millie, "fo' no ol' fool niggah pa'son dat eber brow bref."

"What is the trouble, Millie?" I ventured.

"Why, y' see, Miss," explained Millie, with her running tongue; "I has de stif neck las' Sunday, an' I lays down on de seat in de meetin', an' de pa'son he kem steppin' 'long an' ses he, 'Sist' Millie, w-w-wah you sittin' dat way fo'? Why dun yo' sit up an' ac' in a sist's place?' An' I answers up, 'W-w-wah yu' treblin' 'bout me fo'? I—I ac' as much in a sist's place as yo' does in a brudder's place.' Den he ses, 'Look out dah, Sist' Millie, de deble am gettin' de uppah han' ob you, suah. Try fo' to shame de deble a little longer. Try fo' to hol' to grace yet awhile.' Den I gets mad an' I jes' sasses him good. I tol' him I kin git de deble in me jes as well as he kin in him, an' I kin hol' him a heep longer, an' I ain' no ways anxious to be infirmed into de chu'ch no how. Den he shet up an' dun say no mo', but af'er dat he hab de insurance to ask me to pray. Oh!" with a contemptuous shrug, "dat ol' fool nigger pa'son beat the insurance of de deble he sef, he hab, suah!"

After this summing up of their differences Millie sat down to her book, but I noticed that she was ill at ease, and that the sound of voices from the colored church as they reached us through the window seemed to disturb her. Suddenly my book began to sway before my eyes, and then I saw Millie's head begin to wag from

side to side while her white-rimmed eyes rolled in terror.

"Millie, what are you doing?"

"L—'od, Miss, I—I—I ain' a-doin' nuffin,' but de hul yearth am a-trem'lin'!" she gasped through her chattering teeth. Then, with a wild leap across the table, she cried: "Oh! fo' de Lo'd, mistess, it am de Judgmen' Day! It am de A'mighty kumin' wiv de rollin' an' rumblin' an' shakin' of de yearth! Hol' on, Mis'er Deble! I'se gwine, 'deed I is! Ah, yes, Massa Lo'd, dis niggah will be on han'!" with which she rushed through the door and went flying toward the colored church, uttering exclamatory prayers and promises at every leap. Before the church-door she tumbled into a group of kneeling deacons, all praying vociferously. No one had the "insurance" to ask Millie to pray, but she joined the chorus of voices without invitation. After the shock had subsided and their terror somewhat abated, the "fool niggah pa'son" stumbled to his feet, and, spreading his shaking hands above the heads of his prostrate flock, said:

"Bredern in de Lo'd, an' fellah sist's, dis am a wa'nin' f'om de A'mighty strait an' cl'ar fo' us as is 'clined to fall f'om grace, fo' us as de deble am a-reachin' arter, to stan' cleah of he grip! Hol' fas' to de Lo'd, O my chil'en! fo' de deble am neah at han'! He am a-movin' de bery foundation ob de yearth! Oh! yes, dat am a fac'!" "Ahmen! Bress de Lo'd!" answered the brethren, and "Oh! yes, dat am a fac'!" echoed Millie. "He was neah at han' dis time, suah."

WINNIE'S WELCOME.

WELL, Shamus, what brought ye?
It's dead, sure, I thought ye—
What's kept ye this fortnight from calling on me?
Stop there! Don't be lyin';
It's no use denyin';
I know you've been sighin' for Kitty Magee.

She's ould and she's homely;
There's girls young and comely
Who've loved you much longer and better than she;
But, deed! I'm not carin';
I'm glad I've no share in
The love of a boy who'd love Kitty Magee.

Go 'way! I'm not cryin'!
Your charge I'm denyin',
You're wrong to attribute such weakness to me;
If tears I'm a showin',
I'd have ye be knowin',
They're shed out of pity for Kitty Magee.

For mane and consated,
With pride over-weighted;
Cold, heartless, and brutal she'll find you to be,
When you she'll be gettin',
She'll soon be regrettin'
She e'er changed her name from plain Kitty Magee.

What's that? Am I dhramin',
You've only been schamin',

Just thryin' to test the affection in me?
Your kisses confuse me—
Well, I'll not refuse ye,
I know you'll be tindher an' lovin' wid me;
To show my conthrition
For doubts and suspicion,
I'll ax for my bridesmaid swate Kitty Magee.

WILL EMMETT.

UNCLE GABE ON CHURCH MATTERS.

OLD SATAN lubs to come out to de meetin's now-a-days,
An' keeps his bizness runnin' in de slickes' kind o' ways.
He structifies a feller how to sling a fancy cane
When he's breshin' roun' de yaller gals wid all his might and main;
He puts de fines' teches on a nigger's red cravat,
Or shoves a pewter quarter in de circulatin' hat.
He hangs aroun' de sisters, too, an' greets 'em wid a smile,
An' shows 'em how de white folks puts on lots o' Sunday style.
He tells de congregation, in a whisper sweet as honey,
To hab de benches painted wid de missionary money,
Or to send de gospel 'way out whar de neckid Injuns stay,
An' meet de bill by cuttin' down de parson's yearly pay.

His voice is loud an' strong enough to make de bushes ring,
An' he sets up in de choir jes' to show 'em how to sing.
Den he drops de chune 'way down so low—an' totes it up so high,
Dat 'twould pester all de angels what's a-listenin' in de sky;
An' he makes de old-time music sound so frolicsome an' gay,
Dat 'twill hardly git beyon' de roof—much less de Milky Way;
For dar's heaps o' dese new fashion' songs—jes' sing 'em how you please—
Dat'll fly orf wid de hurrykin, or lodge ermongst de trees,
Or git drownded in de thunder-cloud, or tangled in de lim's;
For dey lack de steady wild-goose flop dat lif's de good old hymns.
De wakenin' old camp-meeting chunes is jes' de things for me,
Dat starts up from a nigger's soul like blackbirds from a tree,
Wid a flutter 'mongst his feelin's an' a wetness roun' de eyes,
Till he almost see de chimleys to de mansions in de skies.

J. A. Macon.

THE COFFEE MY MOTHER USED TO MAKE.

"I WAS born in Indiany," says a stranger, lank and slim,
As us fellows in the restaurant was kind of guyin' him,
And Uncle Jake was slidin' him another punkin pie
And an extra cup of coffee, with a twinkle in his eye—

"I was born in Indiany—more'n forty year ago—
And I haint been back in twenty—and I'm workin' back'ards slow.
And I've et in every restaurant 'twixt here and Santa Fe,
And I want to state this coffee tastes like gettin' home to me!

"Pour us out another, daddy," says the feller, warmin' up,
A-speakin' 'crost a saucerful, as uncle tuck his cup.
"When I seed your sign out yonder," he went on to Uncle Jake—
"'Come in and git some coffee like your mother used to make'—

"I thought of my old mother and Posey county farm;
And me a little kid ag'in, a-hangin' on her arm
As she set the pot a-bilin'—broke the eggs an' poured 'em in."
And the feller hind o' halted, with a trimble in his chin.

And Uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee back and stood
As solemn for a moment as an undertaker would;

Then he sort o' turned and tip-toed to'rds the kitchen
door, and next—
Here comes his old wife out with him a-rubbin' off her
specs—

And she rushes for the stranger, and she hollers out,
"It's him!
Thank God, we've met him comin'! Don't you know
your mother, Jim?"
And the feller, as he grabbed her, says: "You bet I
haint forgot—"
But wipin' of his eyes, says he, "Your coffee's mighty
hot!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

KIT, OR FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

IT was a gala day on the avenue. All the fast horses in the town were out showing their paces, and the merry sleigh-riders shouted with mirth and enjoyment as they raced neck-and-neck, five teams deep, and when they came to a deadlock it was still more fun. At one juncture, however, there were shouts that did not sound mirthful—a wild plunge among the thoroughbreds, and some policemen ran out from the sidewalk, and talked in authoritative tones, but the crowd was so dense no one could see what was going on among the noisy drivers and their plunging horses.

"It's only a couple of boys," said the beautiful Felicia Hautton, settling back among the luxurious white robes; "two of those horrid newsboys. They ought not to be allowed on the avenue at all. They're always getting

ander foot and frightening the horses—such good time as we were making, too—how disagreeable."

"Anybody killed?" asked one fine gentleman of another, as they passed.

"Naw, two boys mixed up, that's all. One started to cross the street and fell, and t'other got run over trying to save him. Street Awabs, you know; can spware a few—ta-ta!"

"Got under the feet of a highflyer, and spoiled his time," said another, in a disgusted tone.

Then the avenue was cleared and the tide of enjoyment went on, and no more Arabs were so foolish as to sacrifice themselves by obstructing the triumphs of the fashionable throng.

At sundown of that same day two poorly dressed boys applied for admission at the doors of Harper's Hospital, and inquired for one of their number who had been brought thither that same afternoon. They were permitted to see him for a few moments, and on tiptoe they entered the long, clean ward and sought out the narrow bed on which he lay. When they had awkwardly greeted him they sat down on the edge of the cot, and were much embarrassed with the strangeness of the scene, and painfully conscious of their own hands and feet; they were also rather shocked at their comrade's clean face, it looked so unnaturally white, with a dab of red on either cheek. Their eyes rolled stealthily about over the sick-beds and their occupants.

"Say, old feller," said the biggest of the two boys, addressing his sick comrade, "aint you puttin' on a heap of style?"

"Where's Kit?" asked the sick boy, fretfully, "why aint he along of you?"

The two visitors looked at each other, and their faces grew downcast and troubled; they dug the toes of their boots into the clean floor at the bedside, and shuffled uneasily, while both coughed violently in concert, then the big boy blurted out:

"Kit went on a errant, and he told me to tell you he would be up to-morrer, sure—he sez, sez he, 'Tell Jim it's all rite.'"

"You aint gassin', be you? Kit didn't git hurt nor nothin'?"

"He couldn't go errants ef he waz hurt, could he?" asked the other, doggedly; "an' here," improvising a lie for the occasion, "he sent yer this."

The sick and injured boy smiled as he took the big orange in his feverish hands and turned it over.

"I knew Kit wasn't the boy to forgit me—here, you fels, take a bite—it's many a orange and stick of candy and bit of pie we've divided atween us afore this. Pore little Kit! He knowed as how I liked 'em; here, you take a squeeze," as he handed it back.

But the boys wouldn't touch it, and the sick patient put it under his pillow. Then he said, in a strange, quavering voice:

"I want you fels to look after Kit, and don't you forget it; when I gets well, I'll pay back every cent; but it'll be a long time, fer I'm all mashed in. He's a little fel, and needs lookin' arter. Now, boys, don't go back on me, will you?"

"You needn't worry about Kit," said the spokesman of the two, looking away, and digging violently at the floor, "he's all rite."

"Lord, I am so tired," said the sick boy. "If it wasn't fer Kit I'd as leve die as get well, but I promised

mother as how I'd allus take care of the little chap, and I've done it; and he wasn't cut up nor bruised nor nothin' when they pulled him out'n from under the hoss' hoofs?"

"Wasn't cut up nor bruised nor nothin'," echoed the visitor, with his back to the bed.

"Good! Jes' you look arter him till I get outer this, and I'll work my fingers off for ye. Lord! how dead tired I am."

He drifted away to sleep, and the two boys left without waking him; but before they went out one of them slipped a little leather bag of marbles in his hand, and the other put a few pennies wrapped in a dirty bit of newspaper close by, where he would see them on waking.

"He'll think Kit sent 'em," said one, as they softly retreated; "they were in Kit's pocket when the policeman found him—to think he doesn't know."

That night when the hospital doctor went his rounds he found the new boy wide awake, but very still. To the familiar eye of the physician his symptoms were clearly defined.

"Well, my boy," he said, kindly, "what can I do for you?"

The boy's face lighted. "I want to see Kit—send for Kit."

"Yes, yes," answered the doctor, hastily; "but you must wait until morning."

"I don't—think—I—can—sir. I guess I'm—booked—for—t'other—place. It would be all right—ef it wasn't for Kit. But I promised mother I'd take care of him, and what'll he do without me? I can't leave Kit."

The death dew was on his forehead. He beat his hands helplessly on the white spread, while his pale lips continued to murmur, "I can't leave Kit."

The physician sat down by him. It is against the rules of an hospital to hold much converse with the dying, or even to notify those who are in extremis of the approach of death; but this was a child—the doctor assumed the responsibility.

"My boy, if you knew you could not get well, would you feel very sorry?"

"Not for myself; only for Kit."

"But if I told you that Kit was well taken care of—that a rich and kind father had sent for him and given him a beautiful home—"

"Now you're gassin'," said the dying boy, with his old fervor. "Dad aint that sort; besides, he broke mother's heart, and Kit wouldn't speak to him ef he cum back."

"No earthly father, dear boy, but a Heavenly one—the priest has told you of Him, and the home He gives His children. He it is who has sent for Kit."

The sick boy made up his parched lips to whistle. "W-h-e-w," he said, brokenly, "Kit's dead—killed arter all, when I tried so hard to save him."

"He was dead when they took him up," said the doctor, "and not a bruise nor a broken limb—the shock killed him, and he is safe now with his Master; don't you believe that?"

But the boy did not heed him; his lips moved faintly, and the doctor, bending down, heard him say again, "Kit's dead." Then there was a long silence, and before he left, the doctor turned the white sheet over the tranquil face, and Kit and his brother were together again.

IRISH COQUETRY.

SAYS Patrick to Biddy, "Good-mornin', me dear!
It's a bit av a sacret I've got for yer ear:
It's yoursel' that is lukin' so charmin' the day,
That the heart in me breast is fast slippin' away."
"'Tis you that kin flatther," Miss Biddy replies,
And throws him a glance from her merry blue eyes.

"Arrah, thin," cries Patrick, "'tis thinkin' av you
Thats makin' me heart-sick, me darlint, that's thrue!
Sure I've waited a long while to tell ye this same,
And Biddy Maloney will be such a foine name."
Cries Biddy: "Have done wid yer talkin', I pray;
Shure me heart's not me own for this many a day!

"I gave it away to a good-lookin' boy,
Who thinks there is no one like Biddy Malloy;
So don't bother me, Pat; jist be aisy," says she.
"Indade, if ye'll let me, I will that!" says he;
"It's a bit of a flirt that ye are, on the sly;
I'll not trouble ye more, but I'll bid ye good-bye."

"Arrah, Patrick," cries Biddy, "an' where are ye goin'?
Sure it isn't the best of good manners ye're showin'
To lave me so suddint!" "Och, Biddy," says Pat,
"You have knocked the cock-feathers jist out av me hat!"
"Come back, Pat!" says she. "What fur, thin?" says he.
"Bekase I meant you all the time, sir!" says she.

GABE AND THE IRISH LADY.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

"HERE he is, Jenny! what there is of him!" said the cheery Captain, thus introducing to his daughter's notice the not very prepossessing chattel personal he had just hired and brought home.

"Enough of him, such as it is, I should say," responded Miss Jenny, as her keen eye and keener perception took in the merit of the subject before her and rated it at just about its proper value.

"Oh! don't decide in advance against yourself, Jenny," said the Captain. "The boy may turn out better than he looks. He can scour knives and run errands, and no doubt you'll find him useful." Then, turning to the boy, he said: "See here, Snowball, if you know your own interest, you'll take care not to offend this young lady. Understand?"

"Oh! law, Marse Cap'n," answered the boy, grinning relievedly (he had wilted considerably under Miss Jenny's searching gaze), "Gabe isn't gwine ter 'fend nobody. Gabe gwine ter mind Missy jis' like a dawg."

Words fail to express the measure of abject servility he contrived to throw into his enunciation of the word dog. The boy's eyes sought the young lady's. Something he saw in them caused him to squirm uncomfortably. Miss Jenny's lip curled.

"You need not act like a dog," she said. "Behave yourself as a serving-boy should, and you will fare well. Otherwise—"

Miss Jenny left her sentence, with its limitless possibilities, unfinished. The Captain laughed heartily.

"Now you hear it," he said. "Star of the Morning, look out for 'otherwises.'"

"Golly, Marse Cap'n," said the boy, "I dusn't want no sich. 'Clar ter goodniss, Missy, Ise a pow'ful han' fur clean knives, an' shake kyapit, an' tote watah, an' all sich as dat. Y'alls dusn't know what a servant ole Gabe is."

"No, we do not, indeed," said Miss Jenny. "But we shall soon find out. Come to the kitchen with me. Where are his things, papa?"

"On him, Jenny; on him. At least, all I saw of things. Have you any clothes or other valuables, Gabe?"

"Laws, Marse Cap'n," answered the boy, "dat ar white 'oman kep' every stitch ob clo'es, bosom-pin an' all. She aint my ole Mistis. She jis' a white pusson dat hi'ed me. She spekalate on hi'in' niggahs. Ole Mistis guv me 'hole heap o' good clo'es when I go to lib wid dat white 'oman. Dell law! I nebber see de fus' rag sense, 'cep' jis wot I got on. Dat aint all 'bout dat ar' white 'oman. She dun cheat de Cap'n pow'ful, kase she don't pay my ole Mis nuffin' jes 'cep' two dollahs de mumf; an' clar ter de goodniss ef she didn't chawge de Cap'n fo' dollahs de mumf, jis fer ole Gabe, 'dout no clo'es, jis 'cep' wot he got on. Dah ar' twice too much fer sich a Niggah, kase ole Gabe jis onpossible ter be wuth dat ar' fo' dollahs de mumf."

"I should think so," said Miss Jenny. "Now you are talking quite sensibly."

Gabe, quick to take his cue, perceiving that a self-deprecating style was far more likely to prove acceptable to Miss Jenny than any attempt at self-praise, at once added:

"Kase ole Gabe jis a mizzable, no-'count Niggah, dat

nobody keers nuffin' 'bout, 'an nebber teched nuffin' sence he's bawn. How you specs he gwine be wuth dat fo' dollahs de mumf?"

"No one expects it," laughed the young lady. "But since you seem to bewail your lack of teaching, know that from henceforth you will be taught—several things. And what we do expect is that you will improve your chances."

"Laws! Miss Jinny, Ise dat bleeged," began Gabe, radiant with delight at the relaxation of the young lady's rigid manner. "Now you is jis mose like de Cap'n; an' he de mose elegantest gemman Ise seed sence Ise bawn. Dat aint no make-be'leeve lie, Miss Jinny. Dat de sollum fac'."

"Well, Gabriel," laughed the Cap'n, "I suppose I owe you as much as two bits and a picayune for that. Take this (and he tossed him a silver half-dollar) to begin the new place on, and see how many more like it you can deserve. Be a good boy and mind your orders, and you'll get along."

The Captain returned to his office down-town, and Miss Jenny led Gabe to the kitchen, to present him to the new cook, who only lifted her head a trifle higher as she acknowledged the introduction, with the remark: "Whativer's the good uv thim haythin Nagurs it passes Biddy O'Rafferty to find out. Though, if yez do be plazed wid 'im, it's not Biddy's place to spake the worrud."

"Find some work for him, Bridget," said Miss Jenny. "I will send him to you when I have shown him to mamma."

"Faith! I wish her joy uv the soight," responded Bridget.

Mrs. Chamberlaine — mild-eyed, gentle-voiced, and easy-going—smiled benignly upon the lad and hoped he would make no trouble for the cook.

"I ain't studdyin' 'bout makin' no trouble, no ways, Mistis," said Gabe, assuringly. But he added, reflectively: "Dem I'ish ladies dat wuks in kitchins, dey all alike. Dey de mose onregen'ret pussons, an' I dus 'spise 'em."

Although gifted, like many of his race, with a rare, sweet voice, and a quick ear, the young scamp seemed to take great delight in howling, in the dismalest voice, and to most unmusical tunes, certain basket-meeting hymns, as he styled them. The first time Miss Jenny ever undertook to inflict corporeal punishment upon the urchin was on account of his persistent efforts at one of these hymns. He was seated on a grass-plat in the middle of the side yard, the knife-board between his outstretched feet, his body swaying back and forth and from side to side, as he lazily rubbed at his cutlery. And as he sat and swayed and scoured, he also sang:

"As I passed by de gates ob hell,
I bid dis worl' a long far'well.
Oh! I don' want to stay heah no longer.
Oh! wot I want to stay heah for?
Dis yer worl' a hell to me,
Kase my ole Mis is don't lub me,
Bekase I won't drink jawbone tea.
Oh! I don't want to stay heah no longer."

"Gabe," said Miss Jenny, rapidly crossing the grass-plat and administering a smart box on his ear, "at least six times to-day I have forbidden you to howl that outlandish farrago! Now perhaps you will remember."

"Conshinse sake, Miss Jinny," exclaimed the lad "Be sho I will. Wot yo' spilin' dem leetle, sof' cotton hans' cuffin' black Niggah's jaws fo'? White ladies han's aint fitten fer cuff wid. Yo' jis orter leab all sich as dat ter de Cap'n."

"If you ring any more changes on that horrid howl, I will leave it to the Captain," said Miss Jenny, significantly. "And I've half a mind to take a switch to you now," she added, as the young monkey grinned provokingly into her face. "I thought you were going to mind so beautifully."

"So I is, Miss Jinny. Ise gwine ter mind. Ise jis studdyin' 'bout stoppin' off dat bahskit-meetin' hymn, dat aint no outlanish verry go. Dat a 'ligious Niggah hymn."

"Whatever it is, you'd better not practice it any more," said the young lady. "I don't object to your singing about your work, but you shall not howl and yell like an insane Dervish."

"Miss Jinny, I aint no inshane Duvvish, I aint," whined the boy. "An' I 'clar to goodniss you is dat hahd ter please."

But before the young lady had fairly passed out of sight he threw back his head, opened his mouth, and sang like a lark or nightingale, in tones of ravishing sweetness, the stanza:

"Oh! what was Love made for,
If 'tis not the same,
Through joy and through torment,
Through grief and through shame?
Through the furnace unshrinking
Thy steps I'll pursue,
And shield thee and save thee
Or perish there too."

Miss Jenny could not resist the impulse to toss a picayune from the upper piazza to the silver-voiced urchin, saying, as she did so: "Never sing any worse than that, Gabe, and you'll get rich before long."

"T'ankee, Miss Jinny. Dat ar' kase dat a lub song. Makes Missy tink 'bout her jularkey."

And then, laughing hilariously at the interpretation of the motives that actuated the young lady, he trolled forth:

"'O Miss Missy! don't you cry;
Yore jularkey'll come bym-bye.
Dar he come, all drest in blue;
Dat's a sign dat he lubs you.'

Ki! Isn't white young missises dat curus?"

Between Gabe and the autocrat of the kitchen there was mutual and uncompromising animosity. Bridget could never bring herself to any repression of her scorn for the "haythun Nagurs" in general, this luckless lad in particular; while Gabe, in return, enjoyed nothing more than an opportunity, which he never failed to improve, of either vexing or scaring "dat ar' I'ish lady." One of his favorite revenges was to seize the garden hose and dart out upon the front pavement at an early hour in the morning, to wash the stone flagging and compass her confusion. Bridget was a faithful attendant upon morning mass, and so punctual was the rigid maiden that Gabe could reckon, to the fraction of a minute, the time of her appearance at the garden corner, which he, eyes to the ground and hose-nozzle in full play a few inches higher, would turn at full speed at the precise moment when Bridget, from the side street, arrived at the fateful spot. Of course, her two

feet and ankles received the whole benefit of the stream of water, and many an involuntary Irish jig did the poor girl execute at this unlucky corner, in consequence of the "haythen Nagur's" well-laid scheme.

"Whist! Arra! The howly saints protict us! Bad luck thin to yez for a mannerless spalpeen, and may all the imps uv Satan fly away wid yez!" she would wail as she hopped frantically up and down, while Gabe, with well-feigned wonderment, would stare at the girl in strange antics prancing; for all the while he would manage to keep the nozzle aimed with great precision at her lower extremeties, until, with a loud shriek and bound forward, the exasperated damsel would sieze Gabe by the collar, and cuff him soundly.

"Dell law! Sich a 'ligion as dat is you gits!" the boy would comment, disgustfully. "Why in de goodniss gurracious couldn't yo' tole ole Gabe de wattah a-squhtin' on ye? Good golly! Gwine ter de chu'ch fer git 'ligion fus ting in de mawin', fo' breakfus, an' den comin' home a-rippin' an' a-tarrin' sich a way as dat is! Smackin' a po' Niggah's jaws off, jis on 'count ob her own orkidniss a-runnin' inter dat wattah-squht. Sho! 'Clar ter de goodniss, I donno wot sort o' stuff dey has ter dat ar' chu'ch. 'Tain't 'ligion, no ways."

Another sweet revenge of Gabe's he compassed with "pop-cracks," by which expressive term he designated all manner of Chinese fire-crackers, torpedoes, grasshoppers, and the like, that came into his possession through the Captain's rather injudicious liberality. It was his delight to place under the cellar door a quantity of fire-crackers, discriminatingly fused, so as to explode, with startling reverberations, just as Biddy, a pan of potatoes in one hand, some other commodity in

the other, reached the topmost step. At every such celebration the frightened girl, with a wild shriek, would bound forward, sending her commodities all over the paved walk, and protesting in loud voice against the "Sorra luck that iver sint the haythen Nagur, wid no more sinse nor an ijit, intil the fambly, to break ivery bone in the two ligs uv poor Biddy, wid his murtherin' devishes."

"Good conshinse! I'ish ladies is dat skeery!" the boy would comment, as he hastened from some conveniently out-of-the-way spot to the "scene of confusion and creature complaints," and proceeded to propitiate the irate damsel by picking up her scattered stores.

"Put dem yer pop-cracks cl'ar under de sullar-do jis a-puppus, so dey wouldn't huht ye no ways. 'Pears like it jis onpossible for Ole Gabe ter suit ye 'bout dem pop-cracks de Cap'n fotch."

"Sure, an it's ivery outlandish place ye do pick out to pit the murtherin' things. That a sinsible man like the Captin should indulge ye to thim same! Didn't ye stoof a pint uv thim intil the coal-hod the mornin' an' cum near blowing the brikfas' oop the chimbly wid yer foolery?" returned Bridget on one such occasion.

"You dan do dat ar' yo' ownse'f. Gabe jis chuck a few pop-cracks inter de coal-hod, kase he pockets bustin' a big hole. Dat de time yo's too suddin' 'bout chunkin' up de fiah."

And Gabe, unmindful of discretion, burst into a fit of laughter at the droll memory called up by Bridget's allusion.

"Sure, it's Biddy that do wish she had the ordering uv yez for a month," said the disgusted damsel. "Not wan day shud go over yer haythin hid, wid wool on it

like a shape's back, but yez shud be packed intil a toob under the hydrint, wid the fool foorce of the shtrame turned ontil yer bare back. Mebby thin some uv the dirthy thricks uv ye'd be washed oot by the toime Biddy ud turn that sthrame off."

"Dell law!" ejaculated Gabe, rolling his eyes wildly. And when he repeated Bridget's good wishes to his next friend, Captain Tucker's Ike, he added conclusively: "Dat wot make me 'spise dem I'ish ladies."

MARY E. C. WYETH.

"INASMUCH."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

YOU say that you want a meetin'-house for the boys
in the gulch up there,
And a Sunday-school with pictur'-books! Well, put
me down for a share.
I believe in little children; it's as nice to hear 'em read
As to wander round the ranch at noon and see the cattle
feed.
And I believe in preachin' too—by men for preachin'
born,
Who let alone the husks of creed, and measure out the
corn.
The pulpit's but a manger where the pews are gospel-
fed;
And they say 'twas to a manger that the star of glory
led.
So I'll subscribe a dollar toward the manger and the
stalls;

I always give the best I've got whenever my partner calls.
And, stranger, let me tell you: I'm beginning to suspect
That all the world are partners, whatever their creed or sect;
That life is a kind of pilgrimage, a sort of Jericho road,
And kindness to one's fellows the sweetest law in the code.
No matter about the 'nitials; from a farmer, you understand,
Who's generally had to play it alone from rather an or'nary hand.
I've never struck it rich; for farming, you see, is slow,
And whenever the crops are fairly good, the prices are always low.
A dollar isn't very much, but it helps to count the same,
The lowest trump supports the ace, and sometimes wins the game.
It assists a fellow's praying when he's down upon his knees—
"Inasmuch as you have done it to one of the least of these."
I know the verses, stranger, so you needn't stop to quote,
It's a different thing to know them or to say them off by rote.
I'll tell you where I learned them, if you'll step in from the rain:
'Twas down in Frisco years ago; had been there hauling grain.
It was just across the ferry on the Sacramento pike,

Where stores and sheds are rather mixed, and shanties
scatterin' like.
Not the likeliest place to be in, I remember, the saloon,
With grocery, market, baker-shop, and bar-room all in
one.
And this made up the picture—my hair was not then
gray,
But everything still seems as real as if 'twere yesterday.
A little girl with haggard face stood at the counter
there,
Not more than ten or twelve at most, but worn with
grief and care;
And her voice was kind of raspy, like a sort of chronic
cold—
Just the tone you find in children who are prematurely
old.
She said: "Two bits for bread and tea. Ma hasn't
much to eat;
She hopes next week to work again, and buy us all
some meat.
We've been half starved all winter, but spring will soon
be here,
And she tells us, keep up courage, for God is always
near."
Just then a dozen men came in; the boy was called
away
To shake the spotted cubes for drinks, as Forty-niners
say.
I never heard from human lips such oaths and curses loud
As rose above the glasses of that crazed and reckless
crowd.
But the poor, tired girl sat waiting, lost at last to revels
deep,

On a keg beside a barrel in the corner, fast asleep.
Well, I stood there, sort of waiting, until some one at the bar
Said, "Hello! I say, stranger, what have you over thar?"
The boy then told her story, and that crew, so fierce and wild,
Grew intent, and seemed to listen to the breathing of the child.
The glasses all were lowered; said the leader: "Boys, see here;
All day we've been pouring whisky, drinking deep our Christmas cheer.
Here's two dollars—I've got feelings which are not entirely dead—
For this little girl and mother suffering for the want of bread."
"Here's a dollar." "Here's another." And they all chipped in their share,
And they planked the ringing metal down upon the counter there.
Then the spokesman took a golden double-eagle from his belt,
Softly stepped from bar to counter, and beside the sleeper knelt;
Took the "two bits" from her fingers; changed her silver piece for gold.
"See there, boys; the girl is dreaming." Down her cheeks the tear-drops rolled.
One by one the swarthy miners passed in silence to the street.
Gently we awoke the sleeper, but she started to her feet

With a dazed and strange expression, saying: "Oh! I thought 'twas true!
Ma was well, and we were happy; round our door-stone roses grew.
We had everything we wanted, food enough, and clothes to wear;
And my hand burns where an angel touched it soft with fingers fair."
As she looked, and saw the money, in her fingers glistening bright,
"Well, now, ma has long been praying, but she won't believe me quite,
How you've sent way up to heaven, where the golden treasures are,
And have also got an angel clerking at your grocery bar."
That's a Christmas story, stranger, which I thought you'd like to hear;
True to fact and human nature, pointing out one's duty clear.
Hence to matters of subscriptions you will see that I'm alive:
Just mark off that dollar, stranger; I think I'll make it five.

WALLACE BRUCE.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

HAN'SOM, stranger? Yes, she's purty an' ez peart ez she kin be.
Clever? Wy! she aint no chicken, but she's good enough for me.

What's her name? 'Tis kind o' common, yit I aint
ashamed to tell,
She's ole "Fiddler" Filkin's daughter, an' her dad he
calls her "Nell."

I wuz drivin' on the "Central" jist about a year ago
On the run from Winnemucca up to Reno in Washoe.
There's no end o' skeery places. 'Taint a road fur one
who dreams,
With its curves an' awful tres'les over rocks an' moun-
tain streams.

'Twuz an afternoon in August, we hed got behind an
hour,
An' wus tearin' up the mountain like a summer thunder-
shower,
Round the bends an' by the ledges, 'bout ez fast ez we
could go,
With the mountain peaks above us an' the river down
below.

Ez we come nigh to a tres'le 'crost a holler, deep an'
wild,
Suddenly I saw a baby, 'twuz the station-keeper's
child,
Toddlin' right along the timbers with a bold an' fear-
less tread,
Right afore the locomotive, not a hundred rods ahead.

I jist jumped an' grabbed the throttle an' I fa'rly held
my breath,
Fur I felt I couldn't stop her till the child wuz crushed
to death,

When a woman sprang afore me, like a sudden streak
o' light,
Caught the boy, an' 'twixt the timbers in a second sank
from sight.

I jist whis'l'd all the brakes on. An' we worked with
might an' main,
Till the fire flew from the drivers, but we couldn't stop
the train,
An' it rumbled on above her. How she screamed ez
we rolled by,
An' the river roared below us—I shall hear her till I
die!

Then we stop't; the sun wuz shinin'; I ran back along
the ridge
An' I found her—dead? No! livin'! She wuz hangin'
to the bridge
Where she drop't down thro' the cross-ties, with one arm
about a sill,
An' the other round the baby, who wuz yellin' fur to
kill!

So we saved 'em. She wuz gritty. She's ez peart ez
she kin be—
Now we're marrid—she's no chicken, but she's good
enough for me.
An' ef eny ask who owns her, wy, I aint ashamed to
tell—
She's my wife. Ther' aint none better than ole Filkin's
daughter "Nell."

EUGENE J. HALL.

DE YALLER CHINEE.

(AS DISCUSSED IN THE CABIN.)

HE kin pick up a libbin' wharebber he goes
By wukin de railroad an' washin' ole clo'es;
He kin lib' 'bout as cheap as a leather wing bat.
For he watches de rat market keen as a cat;
An' his boa'd an' his rations is pretty nigh free,
For a mighty smart cuss is de yaller Chinee.

Den, he's not gwine to keer whar' you put him to stay,
An' his eatin' don't cost but a nickel a day,
An' he won't gib a straw for de finest hotel,
When a slab-sided shanty will suit him as well;
An' a empty old box, or a holler gum-tree,
Is a big boa'din'-house for de yaller Chinee.

An' he eats little mice, when de blackberries fail,
Till de ha'r on his head gits de shape ob a tail;
An' I know by his clo'es an' his snuff-cullud face
Dat he comes from a scrubby an' one-gallus race;
An' I's trabbled a heap, but I nebber did see
Sich a curisome chap as de yaller Chinee.

Dis country was made for de whites an' de blacks,
For dey hoes all de corn an' dey pays all de tax;
You may think what you choose, but de 'sertion is true,
Dat de orf-cullud furriner nebber will do;
For dar's heap o' tough people from ober de sea,
But de cussedest sort is de yaller Chinee!

When de bumble-bee crawls in de dirt-dobber's hole
To warm up his fingers an' git out de cole,
Dar's gwine to be fuss in de family sho'!
An' one ob de critters mus' pack up and go;
An' de Chinerman's gwine to diskiver right soon
Dat de rabbit can't lib' in a stump wid de 'coon!

When de woodpecker camps on de morkin'-bird's nes',
You kin tell pretty quick which kin tussle de bes';
Dar's a mighty good chance ob a skirmish ahead
When de speckled dog loafs 'round de tommy-cat's bed;
An' dar's gwine to be a racket wuf waitin' to see
When de wukin'-man butts 'gin de yaller Chinee.

BIDDY'S TRIALS AMONG THE YANKEES.

FAITH! Ann Hooligan, an' I don't deny that these Amerykans has plinty o' beautiful convanyences to work wid in their kitchens, more'n iver the likes cud be found in the whole of ould Ireland, where we was usen to bake the brid an cook the petaties all in the same iron pot; an' shure, along wid so many bewilderin' things, it wad be ixpicted that a girl wud make a mishtake sometimes. An' is it the Aistern paple ye'd be afther praisin'? May the saints defind us! an' it's mesilf that's lived among thim Yankees till I was that sick of their haythenish way of shpakin' that I had to lave. What wud ye think, Ann Hooligan, of bein' axed the firsht day as ye lived at a place if ye cud pail (provincialism for milk) the k-e-o-w! fur that's the outlandish way thim paple has o' sayin' cow. Of coorse,

it's not fur the likes o' me to be braggin', but I can pale petaties an' apples wid the bisht o' thim. But to take the palin' off of a cow! Howly St. Patrick! did they take me for a bootcher? Yersilf knows the wake shtomach of me, an' how it goes aginst me to shkin aiven a bird or a toorkey; an', begorra! cud it be ixpicted that I cud tackle a big anymal like a cow? All the flish an' blood in me rose up forninst such a prosaydin'. But I cud shtand the chewin' and twishtin' up o' their words if they wudn't be after mixin' up the names o' things. An' thin they're always radin' books, and gittin' that litherary they don't know annything. Wud ye belave it, Ann Hooligan, some o' thim missuses I lived along wid was that fond of radin' that they aiven cooked out of a book.

His riv'rence, Father Ryan, taught me to rade before I lift the ould country, an' I wud have just suited thim Yankey ladies if it hadn't been fur thim awful words I was tellin' ye of. Ye see, one day the missis I was livin' wid ixprished a wish to have a chicken-pie fur dinner, an' sez she, "Biddy, ye'll find the rissypee in my cookin' book. Ye can follow thim direcshuns, an' not come to bother me wid questions; for I'm goin' to paint this mornin', an' I don't want to be dishturbed," sez she, an' wid that she gits up an' goes upshtairs. Of coorse, I was a little shcared, but I wint to work, and began a-shcaldin' and a-shkinnin' the chicken; but when I came to look at the rissypee, millia murthur! if it didn't say it was to be butthered an' saysoned an put in a spider! I thought there was some mishtake, an' I shpelled the radin' all over ag'in, but there it was right in print before the two eyes o' me; so I shlips upshtairs to the missus's door to ax if the book was corrict, an'

she was busy paintin' on a chiny plate the beautifulest boonch o' roses an' pinks an' heart's-disease ye iver saw. But she heerd me, an', widout turnin' her head, sez she, "Plaze don't annoy me now, Bridget. I want to finish this paintin' before dinner, an' I don't want to be throubled wid annything." "Faix, mem," sez I, "but I musht shpake till ye about the chicken-pie. The rissypee sez to put it in a spider, an'—" "Of coorse," sez she, interruptin' me; "jist follow the rissypee; it's an ixcellent one, an' ye naden't fear but your pot-pie will be all right."

Well, I was in dishpair, but I knew there was plinty o' cobwebs in the cellar, and mabby I cud find a spider's nest, an' pick out a good-sized one that wud be big enoof; but, faith! I didn't like to be afther touching wan wid me bare hand, for I've always been afeard o' the craythurs; but I tuk a broom, an' I shwept the bames an' the walls o' that cellar claner than they'd been for tin years, an' I cudn't find one bigger nor the end o' my finger. Jist wid that the missus called me to bring her a crickit to put her feet on. "A crickit," sez I, wringin' me hands. "Howly Virgin! what shtrange notions these Yankeys has! Two varmints wanted, an' I don't know where to find aither o' thim!" I'd heer'd o' thim haythen Chinessers, who supped on rats and birds' nists, but, bedad! for an Amerykan family that purtinded to be respictable to be afther wantin' thim dirthy insex, faith! I didn't consider it nayther Christian nor daycent. But the missus was callin', an' thinkin' the wood-house wud be the likeliest place to get the baste she was inquirin' for, I wint in there; an' though I got a big shplinter under me nail, an' toor me driss, an' nearly broke me leg fallin' over

the wood, niver a crickit did I find. The missus was gittin' impayshunt, an' was schramin' to me to hurry an' bring it. "I can't find one," sez I. "Won't anny other kind of a boog do as well? I cud aisy git ye a grasshopper or a muskeety," sez I. "Don't be impident," sez she, scowlin', "I'll wait on meself, so go back to your work!" an' she shut the door.

By me sowl, Ann Hooligan, I was nearly druv wild intirely betwixt the crickit an' thinkin' how I was to git the pizen creepin' thing the rissypee called for, an' so I sarched ag'in all over the dark corners of the closets an' in the shtable; but all that I found was too shmall, for by the time ye wud take the ligs off thim there wudn't be much left. At lasht afther awhile, all at onst the missus kem into the kitchen, an' whin she saw there was no dinner cookin' she flared up, an' give me sich a look as if a clap o' thunder was goin' to bursht an' kill me flat, an' sez she, "Is it possible that ye hasn't got the chicken-pie ready to bake yit? Really, I can't put up wid such slowness." "Begorra! mem," sez I, for I was gittin' mad too, "I hunted ivery place on the premises for a spider big enoof to cook it in, an' annyhow I aint accushtomed to live wid paple who has sich a relish for venymous insex as ye has here. I've waishted me whole mornin' tryin' to fulfill the demands o' yersilf and that haythenish cookin' book, not to mintion the crickit ye wanted to crush under the two feet of ye. But ye may as well know crickits is shcarce around here, as ye can see fur yerself, bedad! how I toor me driss, an' skinned the leg o' me on the wood-pile whin I was a-huntin' one." "Ye musht be crazy," sez she, "I don't kape me crickits in the wood-house. Come into the parloor, an' I'll show ye wan," sez she. "That's

what I call a crickit," sez she, wid a scornful shniff o' her nose, p'inting wid her finger; an' wud ye belave it, Ann Hooligan, it was only a little wee shmall shtool to rest yer fut on whin ye be tired! "Begorra! that's a fearful on-Christain name to give to yer furnytoor," says I, shtickin' up me nose as high as hers. "An' the spider, mem," sez I, "belike it's some haythenish title yez bin devisin' to toormint paple wid, too." She tossed her head an' lid the way to the pantry. "There, Bridget, ye musht be blind in both eyes if ye don't know what this thing is," sez she. "It's a skillit," sez I, shakin' me fist at her, "and it's a mean trick to be christenin' it afther anny kind of a riptile that iver crawled. I'll shack the dust o' ye Yankeys off me fate foriver," sez I. "I'll not deny that in some ways yer shmart enoof, but as long as ye mixes up skillits and spiders, an' crickits an' shtools, an' porches an' shtoops, bedad! ye're not fit fur the society of anny intelligent person."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

LIFE'S GAME OF BALL.

THEY tell me you're goin', Robbie, away from home and all,
Goin' out on the fields of the future to play at Life's game of ball;
They tell me you're one and twenty—you don't look as old as that;
Seems like you're young and slender to handle Life's ball and bat.

I reckon I'm kinder fogyish ; don't matter much what I say ;
But I'd like to advise a little 'bout the game you're goin' to play.

My score is made, I've had my strikes ; all past is my fears and doubts.
I'm waiting now till the Great Umpire calls me to take my outs,
In the deepening shadows of years, the years of my young day's time,
I'll set and watch you make your base—and, boy, you've got to climb !
You've got to do your level best if you hope for a chance to win,
The " Trials of Life " is a difficult nine and they're run by a chap named Sin.

The World will be the Umpire, boy, and you won't get favored there ;
In fact, when you first begin the game, you'll hardly get what's fair.
Pick out a good sound bat, look well to what you take—
Some use the basswood bat of Luck, but it's mighty apt to break ;
Don't use the Ash of Rashness, nor the heavy Oak of Doubt,
They're either light or heavy, and you'll most dead sure strike out.
Don't use the Elm of Dishonor, or the Ironwood of Crime,

For, though they sometimes do the work, they fail most every time.
So don't choose one too heavy, nor neither one too light,
But there's a bat that never fails, and that is the Willow of Right.

Old Time is a swift curve pitcher, and a tricky one beside,
But never mind how fair they look, don't go to strikin wides;
But when the chance is right, and you get a ball that's fair,
Don't wait for a softer snap, my boy, let go at it solid and square.
Don't count too much on your strength and knock Hope's balls too high,
The fielder Disappointment's apt to take such balls on the fly.
Don't muff golden opportunities, guard well against a pass,
Don't knock the ball of Resentment through any one's window glass.
It aint always best to try too hard to tally a clean home run,
For often the surest way is to make your bases one by one.

Remember that every foul you make will be took by the Catcher Slur,
Temptation holds the first base well, Despair is the short fielder.
One of the hardest points to make is the first base in the run,

but if you do the thing you ought, it can, and ought
to be done.
After you've made your first, watch out for swift defeat,
The very worst man in the nine, my boy, is the second
base, Self-Conceit.
There'll be the third base, too, and fielders a couple
more,
Who'll be on the watch to put you out and blacken
your final score;
But then you'll have a team that's strong, who work to
put you through,
Your backers are Conscience and Honor and Pluck,
and they are strong players, too.
So brace to the work before you, dismiss all doubts and
fears,
And I will watch the game as I wait in the shade of
the by-gone years.

AUNT SOPHRONIA TABOR AT THE OPERA.

"SO this is the uproar? Well, isn't this a monster big building? And that chanticleer! It's got a thousand candles if it has one. It must have taken a sight of tallow to have run them all!" "They are make-believe candles, aunt, with little jets of gas inside to give the effect of real ones." "I want to know! Well, I only wish that your Uncle Peleg was here. You're sure, Louisa, that this is a perfectly proper place?" "Why, aunt, you don't suppose that papa would consent to our attending the opera if it were other than a perfectly proper place, do you?" "No, no, dear; I suppose not. But somehow you city folks look

upon such things differently from what we do who live in the country. Dear suz! Louisa, do look way up there in the tiptop of the house! Did you ever see such a sight of people? Why, excursion-trains must have run from all over the State. Massy, child! There's a woman forgot her bonnet! Do just nudge her, Louisa, and tell her of it. My Eliza Ann cut just such a caper as that one Sunday last summer—got clean into the meeting-house, and half-way down the middle aisle, before she discovered it, and the whole congregation a-giggling and a-tittering. Your cousin, Woodman Harrison, shook the whole pew; and I don't know but what he'd a-hawhawed right out in meeting if his father hadn't a-given him one of his looks. As 'twas, I was afeard he'd bust a blood-vessel. Just speak to that poor creature, Louisa. She'll feel awfully cut up when she finds it out, and 'tis a Christian duty to tell her." "Why, aunt, don't you know that she is in full dress, and left her bonnet at home intentionally? See how beautifully her hair is arranged. You don't suppose she wanted to cover up all that elegance, do you?" "Come bareheaded a-purpose! Well, I do declare! But, Louisa, where's the horse-chestnut?" "The horse-chestnut, aunt?" "Yes, child; you said something or other about a horse-chestnut playing a voluntary or something of that sort." "Oh! the orchestra! Yes, I remember. Don't you see those gentlemen in front of the stage?" "Them men with the fiddles and the bass-viols?" "Yes. Well, they compose the orchestra, and the orchestral part of this opera is particularly fine." "I want to know! Belong to the first families, I suppose. They are an uncommon good-looking set of men. Is Mrs. Patte a furrener?" "Yes; she's a mix

ture of Spanish and Italian. She was born in Madrid, but came to the United States when only five years of age, and remained here until she was nearly seventeen. There, aunt; there's the bell, and the curtain will rise in a minute. Yes; see, there it goes." "Louisa!" "Sh—! listen. I want you to hear Signor Monti. He is considered a very fine bass." "But, Louisa, oughtn't we to stand up during prayer-time?" "You forget, aunt, that this is only a play, and not a temple." "Dear suz! I only wish your Uncle Peleg was here. Somehow it seems kinder unchristian to be play-acting worship." "Why, aunt, there's no need of your feeling so conscience-stricken. Lots of church-people come to the opera. It isn't like the theatre, you know. It's more —more—er—well, I can't just express it, aunt. But, anyway, people who discountenance the theatre, especially during Lent, approve of the opera." "But, Louisa, what is the matter? La sakes, child! let's get out as spry as ever we can! The theatre is all on fire. Hurry, Louisa! Wish that your Uncle Peleg—" "Sh—, aunt; do sit down. It isn't a fire. It's only the people applauding because Patti is on the stage. Don't you see her." "Sakes alive! Is that it? I thought we was all afire, or Wiggin's flood had come. So that is Mrs. Patte. Well, I declare for it! she's as spry as a cricket, and no mistake. Why, Louisa, how old is she? She looks scarcely out of her teens." "O aunt! you must not be so practical, and ask such personal questions. Ladies don't always want their ages known; but, between ourselves, she's over forty." "Is it possible? There, they're at it again. What is the matter now?" "Why, Scalchi has appeared. Don't you see?" "What, that dapper little fellow a-bowing and a-scraping and

a-smirking? Is that Mr. Scalchi?" "That's Madame Scalchi, aunt; and she's taking the part of Arsaces, the commander of the Assyrian Army, you know." "Louisa, are you sure that this is a perfectly proper place? I only wish Peleg was here, for then I shouldn't feel so sort a-skeery like and guilty." "Now, aunt, we mustn't speak another word till the opera is through, because we disturb the people." "I suppose we do; but, whenever anything happens, you nudge me, and I'll nudge you; or we can squeeze hands—that's the way Peleg and I do when we go to the lyceum. It's sorter social, and everybody can hear just as well." Soon outrang the glorious voice. "Bravo! bravo! bravo!" echoed from all parts of the house. "Hooray!" "Why, Aunt Tabor! sit down." "If Peleg were only here! Hip! hip!" "Aunt, in pity's name, keep still! Don't get so excited." "Well, I never! The sweat's just a-rolling off me, and I am as weak as a rag-baby. I wish I had my turkey-tail. This mite of a fan of yours don't give wind enough to cool a mouse." "Now, aunt, do keep quiet. You'll hear better, and won't get so warm." "Well, dear, I suppose you are right. But didn't that sound like an angel-choir?" "'Twas certainly very fine. One thing is sure; you've heard Patti at her best." "I'm so glad I came; and if Peleg was only along! But, there, I haint going to speak again till the uproar is over." And so the opera went on, when, suddenly: "Louisa Allen, what are them half-nude statutes a-standing up in the back there? Don't they realize that the whole congregation can see them, and haven't they any modesty?" "Why, aunt, that's the ballet." "The what?" "The ballet, aunt. Look, look! there they come. Isn't that the very poetry

of—" "Louisa Sophronia Tabor Allen, just you pick up your regimentals, and follow me; and that quick, too." "But, auntie—" "You needn't auntie me. Just get your duds together and we'll travel. Thank goodness your Uncle Peleg Josiah Tabor is not here! Don't let me see you give as much as a glance to where those graceless nudities are, or, big as you are, I'll box your ears." "Why, aunt—" "Louisa, I only wish I had my thickest veil, for I am positively ashamed to be caught in this unchristian scrape. Come, and don't raise your eyes. There, thank goodness, we're in pure air at last!" "Why, aunt, I thought you were enjoying the opera?" "The uproar, Louisa? I have nothing to say agin the uproar. Them voices would grace a celestial choir. This I say with all reverence. But that side-show! I wouldn't have had my Eliza Ann nor my Woodman Harrison, a-witnessed what we've come near a-witnessing for a thousand-dollar bill. No, not for a ten-thousand bill. And I am so thankful that your Uncle Peleg was not here! Somehow, Louisa, I feel as if I'd fallen like the blessed Lucifer out of the moon."

HE GUESSED HE'D FIGHT.

POLITENESS was born in him, and he couldn't help it. He drifted into a prominent town in the South soon after Johnston's surrender, and before anybody's temper had cooled down. He was after cotton, and he let the fact be known. He was from Connecticut, and he did not try to conceal it. He hadn't been in the town two hours before an "unregenerated" pulled his nose.

"Ah—yes!" said the man from Connecticut. "Was that accidental?"

"No, sir! No, sir!" was the fierce rejoinder.

"Did it a purpose, eh?"

"Of course I did!"

"Well, I shouldn't a-thought it of you! I'll pass it over as a case of temporary insanity."

An hour later, as he sat in the hotel, a fire-eater approached him and spit on his boots and stood and glared at him.

"You must have a wobble to your tongue if you can't spit straighter than that," said the man from Connecticut.

"I meant it so, sir—I meant it so!"

"Wanted to get me mad, eh?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!"

"You shouldn't do so. When I'm roused I'm a hard man to handle. I'll excuse this on the grounds that you don't know me."

In the afternoon he was given a hint that he had better leave town at once, and when he demurred, a lawyer sent him a challenge.

"What's it fur?" asked the Yankee, as he read the missive.

"You insulted him, and he demands satisfaction," exclaimed the messenger.

"Can't I argy the case with him?"

"No, sir!"

"S'posen I give him five dollars to settle?"

"He wants to fight you, sir. And you must either fight or he will horsewhip you!"

"Warm me up with a rawhide, eh?"

"He will!"

"Shoo! but who'd a thought it! Say, I'll gin him ten dollars."

"Sir! You likewise insult me!"

"Do, eh? I swan I didn't mean to. Then I've got to fight?"

"You have."

"May get killed, or kill the other feller?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I'm kinder sorry. I never had but one fight in my life, and then I got licked. I don't want to be hurt, and I don't want to injure anybody else, and—"

"You'll wait to be horsewhipped?"

"I raythor guess not. I guess I'll fight. I'll choose rifles at twenty paces, and you kin pick out your own ground. Just let me know when it's to come off, and I'll try and be thar'."

It came off next morning. He was thar'. They offered him an opportunity to apologize, but he wouldn't touch it. He stood up as stiff as a new barn door, and bored a bullet through his man's shoulder, and came off without a scratch himself.

"Bein' as I'm out here now, and bein' as somebody else may want to horsewhip me to-morrow, wouldn't this be a good time for him to show up and save time?" he asked, as he leaned on his rifle, and looked around him.

No one showed up. The Yankee liked the town, and sent for his family. The people liked the Yankee, and made him postmaster, and he stuck there until five years ago.

LARRY'S ON THE FORCE.

WELL, Katie, and is this yersilf? And where was you this while?
And ain't ye dhrissed? You are the wan to illusthrate the stoile!
But never moind them matthers now—there's toime enough for thim;
And Larry—that's me b'y—I want to shpake to you av him.

Sure, Larry bates thim all for luck!—'tis he will make his way,
And be the proide and honnur to the sod beyant the say—
We'll soon be able—whist! I do be singing till I'm hoorse,
For iver since a month or more my Larry's on the foorce!

There's not a private gintleman that boords in all the row
Who houlds himsilf loike Larry does, or makes as foine a show:
Thim eyes av his, the way they shoine—his coat and butthons too—
He bates them kerrige dhroivers that be on the avenue!

He shtips that proud and shtately-loike, you'd think he owned the town,
And houlds his shtick canvanient to be tappin' some wan down—

Aich blissed day I watch to see him comin' up the
sthrate,
For, by the greatest bit uv luck, our house is on his
bate.

The little b'ys is feared av him, for Larry's moighty
shtrict,
And many's the litthle blagyard he's arristed, I expict;
The beggyars gets acrass the shtrate—you ought to see
thim fly—
And organ-groindhers scatthers whin they see him
comin' by.

I know that Larry's bound to roise; he'll get a sergent's
post,
And afther that a captincy within a year at most;
And av he goes in politics he has the head to throive—
I'll be an Alderwoman, Kate, afore I'm thirty-foive!

What's that again? Y'are jokin', surely—Katie!—is it
thrue?
Last noight, you say, he—married? and Aileen O'Dona-
hue?
O Larry c'u'd ye have the hairt—but let the spalpeen be;
Av he demanes himsilf to her, he's nothing more to me.

The ugly shcamp! I always said, just as I'm tellin' you,
That Larry was the biggest fool av all I iver knew;
And many a toime I've tould mesilf—you see it now, av
course—
He'd niver come to anny good av he got on the foorce!

IRWIN RUSSELL.

KYARLINA JIM.

FISHERMAN'S HUT, CHESAPEAKE BAY, 1876.

WHEN you was here some sixteen year
Or so, aback, you says
A darkey named Kyarlina Jim,
He fished f'om dis here place?

Dat yonder's him, Kyarlina Jim,
On de bench dar by de do';
He have been po' an' weak an' blind
Sence dat long time ago.

Yes—dat's de way he spen's each day
O' de blessed year 'dout fail,
Wid face turned out'ard to'ds de bay,
Like watchin' fur a sail.

Eben when clouds 'ull come in crowds,
An' de beatin' win's 'ull blow,
He still keeps settin', pashunt, dar
In his ole place by de do'.

An' de sweet sunlight, 'tis jes like night,
Ter po' Kyarlina Jim,
He's weak an' blind; so rain an' shine
Is all de same ter him.

Dat chile you see dar on his knee,
She never fails ter come
About dis time o' ev'ry day
Ter fetch Kyarlina home.

I seldom cries, but when my eyes
Lights on de chile an' Jim,
Dar's sumpin sort o' makes me feel
Kind,—ter his gal an' him.

Another chile he los' long while
Ago, I'se heerd him say,
Is out dar waitin' in a boat
On de blue waves o' de bay.

I 'specs, bekase o' what he says,
Dat chile he los' 'ull come
'Fo' long, jes like dis here one does,
An' fetch Kyarlina home.

A. C. GORDON.

MR. SCHMIDT'S MISTAKE.

I GEEPS me von leetle schtore town Proadway, und does a pooty goot peesnis, but I don't got mooch gapital to vork mit, so I finds id hard vork to get me oll der gredits vot I vould like. Last veek I hear aboud some goots dot a barty vas going to sell pooty sheap, und so I writes dot man if he vould gief me der refusal of dose goots for a gouple of days. He gafe me der refusal—dot is, he sait I gouldn't haf dem—but he sait he vould gall on me und see mine schtore, und den if mine schtanding in peesnis vas goot, berhaps ve might do somedings togedder. Vell, I vas behint mine gounter yesterday, ven a shentleman gomes in und dakes me py der hand und say: "Mr. Schmidt, I pelieve." I says, "Yaw," und den I dinks to mineself, dis vas der man vot has dose goots to sell, und I musd dry to make

some goot imbressions mit him, so ve gould do some peesnis. "Dis vas goot schtore," he says, looking roundt, "bud you don't got pooty pig shtock already." I vas avraid to let him know dot I only hat 'bout a tousand tollars vort of goots in der blace, so I says: "You ton't vould dink I hat more as dree tousand tollars in dis leedle schtore, aint id?" He says: "You don't tole me! Vos dot bossible!" I says: "Yaw." I meant dot id vas bossible, dough id vasn't so, vor I vas like Shorge Vashingtons ven he cut town der "olt elm" on Poston Gommons mit his leetle hadchet, und gouldn't dell some lies aboud id.

"Vell," says der shentleman, "I dinks you ought to know petter as anypody else vot you haf got in der schtore." Und den he dakes a pig book vrom unter his arm und say: "Vell, I poots you town vor dree tousand tollars." I ask him vot he means py "poots me town," und den he says he vas von off der dax-men, or assessors of broperty, und he tank me so kintly as nefer vos, pecause he say I vas sooch an honest Deutcher, und didn't dry und sheat der gofermants. I dells you vat it was, I didn't veel any more petter as a hundord ber cent. ven dot man valks oudt of mine schtore, und der nexd dime I makes free mit sdrangers I vinds first deir peesnis oudt.

CHAS. F. ADAMS.

MISCHIEVOUS DAISY.

DERE'S a d'eat bid, blat bump on my follid;
I dot it a fallin' down 'tairs;
And a udly wed stratch on my elbow,
But seems to me nobody tares.

Mamma has done out in de tallidge,
An' wouldn't let Daisy do too.
I tored my new d'ss in my tumble;
De button tame off my s'oe.

My bid dolly's head is all b'oten,
Dere's holes where s'e had her two eyes;
I wanted to see what's inside her
To mate all dat noise when s'e twies,
And now all de twy is done out her,
I'm s'ure I don't know where it's don—
It didn't fall out in de nurse'y,
'Tause I loot'd for it ever so lon'.

Nurse says dat my own darlin' papa
Will stold me, an say, "Naughty dirl!"
'Tause I toot up de scissors an' tut off
Dust one 'ittle mite of a turl.
Dere's one sing I did I mus' tell him—
Old Mammy don't know about dat—
I poured all de tweam out de pitser,
Wight into his s'iny new hat.

Dat tweam 'haved itse'f welly badly,
I wanted to pour it all bat,
But 'fore I tould put down de pitser
It wan away out of de hat;
Wan down on de table an' carpet,
All over my mamma's nice boots,
An' made sut's a defful bid deaspot
Oo don't know how hollid it looks!

De baby was 'seep in de t'adle,
S'e toot suts a welly lon' nap,

When I wanted to hold her a'n tiss her
And tuddle her up on my lap,
So I toot 'ittle stit an' did pote her,
An' den s'e was wat'd up wis a twy;
Den mamma did lose all her pasence,
And here in de torner am I.

Nurse says s'e will wite 'ittle letter,
Tell Santa Taus all I have done,
So when Tismas mornin' is tomin'
An' Daisy wates up wis de sun,
Her stotin' will han' dere all empty,
Wis never a tandy or toy;
For Santa Taus dives to dood chillen,
But stolds de bad dirl an' bad boy.

I wonner if papa loots solly,
I wonner if mamma will, too,
An' sate dere heads, an' say, "Daisy,
What is to be done now, wis oo?"
I did do a deat deal of mistif,
An' twoubled my nursei an' was bad;
I wis I tould be a dood dirly
An' mate my dear mamma be dlad!

I tell her mos' evely morning,
"Oor Daisy 'll 'have pitty to-day;"
An' den I fordet, an' am naughty,
An' 'have in a welly sad way;
I wis I tould fin' out de weason
Dat mates me so naughty an' wild;
I'd lite my dear mamma to tall me
Her own darlin' dood 'ittle child!

I dess I'll tell "dentle Desus,"
An' ast Him to help me be dood;
He'll hear me wight out of His Heaven,
For mamma did say dat He tould.
S'e says dat He loves 'ittle chillen,
An' tares for dem all de day lon';
P'ease Desus, to help 'ittle Daisy,
Don't let her do sings dat are wrong.

Don't let her dis'bey her dear mamma,
Nor tease her old mamma no more;
Don't let her wate up 'ittle sister,
Nor f'ow all de pins on de f'oor.
Don't let her say words dat are saucy,
Don't let her be naughty aden;
But mate her a dood 'ittle Daisy;
Dear Desus, dat's all now. Amen.

JOANNA MATTHEWS.

GRANDPA'S COURTSHIP.

IT wan't so very long ago, 'bout forty year, I guess,
That I first went a-courting Deacon Bodkin's darter Bess
(Or leastways Betsy was her name, but that aint here nor there).
She was an orful pretty gal, with yaller orbun hair,
An' cheeks as round an' rosy as any temptin' peach
That makes a fellow smack his lips because it's out of reach.

Hit was down in ole Missoury, an' I was keepin' batch
When me an' Betsy Bodkin fust thought about a match;
I had a little cabin, an' a good chunk of a hoss,
In Buck Crick bottom, 'side the crick, and Bodkins lived across,
A mile or so on t'other side; an' when the crick was low
I used to ford it every day, to see my gal, you know.

The Deacon—wal, I reckon now, that he was putty square,
No better, an' no wusser, than other people air;
But then he wa'n't no favorite with me, an' you kin guess
'Twas 'cause he couldn't see the pint of me a-courtin' Bess;
An' when he found that me an' her was wantin' to git spliced,
He rared an' tore an' ordered me to git right up an' h'iste.

The reason why he got so mad at me is easy told;
'Twas 'cause my trousers pockets wasn't cluttered up with gold.
He 'lowed that I had better clare, or he would raise a breeze;
His darter shouldn't hev a man as poor as black-eyed peas.
Besides, thar was another chap, a drover, wanted Bess;
He had right smart of money, say a thousand more or less.

But he was mortal humly, an' stubborn as a mule,
An' Bess declared she wa'n't a-goin' to hev no such a fool.

An' when the Deacon rared an' pitched, an' ordered me
away,
She up and vowed emphatic like, that she would never
stay
To marry any drover that ever wore a hat.
An' what the Deacon's darter said, she meant, and that
was flat!

The Deacon's wife, Aunt Polly, she sort o' favored me,
An' allus made me welcome, when he warn't there to
see;
An' when the Deacon rared an' swowed that Bess should
marry Si—
(The drover's name was Silas)—or he'd know the reason
why,
Aunt Polly sided 'long of Bess, an'—wal, I'm free to
say,
We got our plans all ready, fur we 'lowed to run away.

So Bess she slipped away one day an' met me in the
lane;
The roads was awful muddy, fur there'd been a power
of rain,
But she clumb up behind me—my horse would carry
two—
An' off we went toward the crick, the nighest distance
through,
Fur I 'lowed that we could ford it, bein' Jeff, my hoss,
was stout,
But when we reached the ford, I see my reckonin' was
out,
Fur the rain had riz the crick up, till it got so mortal
high
I see we couldn't ford it, an' it wa'n't no use to try.

An' jest that very minute, while we was standin' still,
We heard the sound of horses' hoofs a-tearin' down the hill!
An' Bess, she gives a little screech, an' lit right off the hoss,
Fur 'twas her pa a-comin', with the drover, Silas Cross!
An'—wal, I had to 'clect my thoughts, an' that most 'mazing quick,
So I jest made a grab for Bess, an' jumped right in the crick.

The water biled around us, but I struck out fur the shore,
An' I swum as I don't reckon I had ever swum before:
But we got a-crost, an' there we stood, a-shakin' with the cold,
An' Bess'es hair fell down her back, jest like a shower of gold.
But we was safe, an' so went an' found some friends of Bess,
An' I went fur the preacher, while they helped her change her dress.
There wa'n't no licenses them times, an' 'twasn't long till we
Was man 'an wife, an' started home, as happy as could be.

An' who should be there waitin', at the bars, but Jeff my hoss;
I knowed 'twas safe to leave him, an' he'd foller me across,
An'—wall, there aint much more to tell, but in about a week

The Deacon he came walkin' in a-lookin' powerful meek,
An' arter we had all shuck hands, he says: "That Silas Cross,
Would you believe he was so mean? He went an' stole my hoss!
He did!—the finest hoss I had, the rascally, thievin' cuss!
But then, if he had married Bess, 'twould been a blamed sight wuss.

"An', Hiram, sence you swum that crick, I've thought that I an' you
Would make good pardners after all, and Polly thinks so too;
An' though you stole my darter, Bess, I reckon 'twan't no sin;
So come with me, fur Polly wants to see her gal agin."
Wal, children, that's the story I've bin promisin' to you,
An' you can ask your grandma if I haven't told it true!

HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

WET WEATHER TALK.

IT aint no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

Men gener'ly to all intents—
Although they're ap' to grumble some—

Puts most their trust in Providence,
And take things as they come—
That is the commonality
Of men that's lived as long as me
Has watched the world enough to learn
They're not the boss of this concern.

With some, of course, it's different—
I've seen young men that knowed it all,
An' didn't like the way things went
On this terrestrial ball,
But, all the same, the rain some way
Rained just as hard on picnic day;
Or when they really wanted it
It maybe wouldn't rain a bit.

In this existence, dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little shift o' clouds 'll shet
The sun off now and then,
But maybe as you're wonderin' who
You've fool-like lent your umbrella to,
And want it—out'll pop the sun,
And you'll be glad you aint got none.

It aggervates the farmers, too—
Ther's too much wet, or too much sun,
Or work or waitin' round to do
Before the plowin's done.
And maybe, like as not, the wheat,
Jest as it's lookin' hard to beat,
Will ketch the storm—and jest about
The time the corn's a jintin out.

It aint no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE WEE, WEE BAIRNIE.

"STEP gently, sir, step gently."

I stepped hastily back. I feared I had been treading on some of the old man's flowers.

He leaned on his spade, and made no motion for some minutes. At length he raised his head, and in a husky voice began—

"Ay, sir, I mind the time as weel as 'twere yesterday, and it's forty years sine when oor wee, wee bairnie died. It was his fourth birthday, and he stopped up tae wait till I cam hame wi' a bit present for him. I sat doon be' the fire tae wait for my supper (my wife was ben the hoose bakin'), when I heard the patterin' o' his little feet, and I looked up an' held oot my airms for him. He didna come rinnin' tae them sae quick as usual, an' when I had him on my knees, says I, 'An' fa'll ye be, ye wee bit nickum?'

"'I'm fayther's wee, wee bairnie.'

"An' wi' that he nestled closer to me. He dinna seem cheery, sae I cald the doggie tae 'im, an' the doggie cam lazy like frae his corner stretchin' his legs. The bairnie put doon his little han' an' strokit the dog's head. But he didna get up an' play wi't, and seemed tired-like.

"'Janet,' ca'd I ben the hoose, 'what ails the bairnie?'

"'Ails him!' said she. 'Awa' wi' ye, naethin' ails him.'

"'But he's tired like.'

"'Hoot,' says she, 'nae wunner, sittin' up till this time o' night.'

"'Ah! but it's nae that; it's mair than tired he is. Janet, he's nae weel.'

"Janet took up the child in her airms.

"'Aweel,' said she, 'an' he's no weel. I'll pit him tae bed when I'll hae done wi' the bakin';' an' wi' that she set him doon i' the floor. Forty years it is syne; but I can see the laddie standin' there yet, wi' his head hangin' owre his clean frock, and his wee bit leggies bare tae the knees.

"'Pit him tae bed the noo, Janet. Dinna min' the cakes.'

"She took him up again in her airms, and as she did sae, his wee facie became as pale as death, an' his little body shook a' ower. I niver waited a meenit, but awa' I ran oot at the door for the doctor as hard as I could rin, twa miles across the fields, wi' my heart beatin' hard at every step. The doctor wasna in. Wi' a sair heart I turned back. I stopped runnin' whan I got till oor gate, and walked quietly in. 'The doctor's nae in. Waur luck,' said I, as I crassed the door. Nae a word. I turned roun' intae the kitchen, an' there was such a sicht I could niver forget. In ae corner was my wife lying on the grun', and beside her the wee bit bairn—nae a soun' frae either o' them. I touchit my wife i' th' shouther, an' she lookit up, an' then rose up wi'out a word, and stood beside me, lookin' at the form of the

little laddie. Suddenly he gied a start, an' held oot his airms tae me—'Am I no yer ain wee, wee bairnie, fayther?' 'Ay, ay,' said I. I could hardly speak, an' I knelt doon beside him, an' took his little hand. My wife knelt doon on th' other side o' him an' took his other hand, 'Yer wee, wee bairnie,' he muttered, as if tae himsel'—for he had gied himsel' the name—an' then he had laid his head back, an' we could see he was gone. The doggie cam' an' lookit in his face, and lickit his han' and' then wi' a low whine went an' lay down at his feet. Niver a tear did we weep; but we sat baith o' us lookin' intae the sweet wae facie till th' mornin' broke in on us. The neebors cam' i' the mornin', an' I rose up and spoke tae them; but my wife, she never stirred, nor gied a sound, till ane o' them spoke o' when he wad be carried tae the auld kirkyard. 'Kirkyard,' said she, 'kirkyard! Nae kirkyard for me. My bairnie shall sleep whaur he played—in oor garden. Nae a step farer.' 'But it'll niver be allowed.' 'Allowed!' cried she. 'The bairnie shanna stir past the end o' the garden.' An' she had her way. Naebody interfered; an' there he lies jist whaur ye were gaun to pit yer fit, an' there he'll lie tae the resurrection mornin'. An' ilka evenin' my wife comes an' sits here wi' her knittin,' an' we niver tire o' speakin' o' him that lies beneath."

And the old man bent down and passed his hand over the loose mould as if he were smoothing the pillow of his wee, wee bairnie.

EVENING SONG ON THE PLANTATION.

DE night-time comin' an' de daylight scootin';
De jew-draps fallin' an' de big owl hootin';
You kin soon see de bright stars fallin' an' a-shootin',
An' hear de old huntin'-horn blowin' an' a-tootin'!

Oh! de Seben Stars gittin' up higher an' higher,
De supper-time comin' on nigher an' nigher;
Gwine to cote Miss Dinah by de hick'ry fire
An' roas' dem taters while I settin' down by her.

De cat-bird happy when de cherries gettin' redder;
De sheep mighty libely when he grazin' in de medder;
But de nigger an' his little gal settin' down togedder
Jes' happy as a cricket in de sunshiny wedder!

REFRAIN.—Hi O, Miss Dinah,
Listen to de song!
Hi O, Miss Dinah,
I 's comin' straight erlong!
Hi O, Miss Dinah,
Gwine to see you little later!
Hi O, Miss Dinah,
Gwine to help you peel dat 'tater!

J. A. MACON.

OLD WOMAN'S LOVE STORY.

IT was a long time ago, one winter's eve, and father and me were alone in the kitchen. I was a-sewing on my wedding clothes, not that anybody had ever

asked me to have him, and I didn't think as anybody ever would, but I thought I'd be ready in case anybody should ask me. Father said to me, said he, "Samanthy!"

Said I to him, said I, "What, sir?" Said he to me, said he, "Hadn't you better go to the door?" Said I to him, said I, "No, sir!" For I didn't hear anything at the door; and I went on with my sewing. And after awhile I did hear something at the door. And after awhile father said to me, "Samanthy, hadn't you better go to the door?" Said I to him, said I, "Yes, sir." And I went to the door, and there stood a man. I was so frightened I didn't know what to do. And the man came in and tuck a seat. And father and him went on a-talking. And after awhile father said to me, "Samanthy!" Said I to him, said I, "What, sir?" Said he to me, "Samanthy, can't we have some cider?" Said I to him, said I, "Yes, sir." So I got the cider. I filled father's glass, and I filled the old man's glass, and I filled father's glass and I filled the old man's glass again; and then they filled their own glasses, and drank up all the cider. Then after awhile father said to me, said he, "Samanthy!" Said I to him, said I, "What, sir?" Said he to me, said he, "Hadn't I better go to bed?" Said I to him, said I, "Yes, sir." And he took his candle and lit it, and went away and left me alone with that strange man. I was so frightened I didn't know what to do. And the man said to me, a-moving his chair closer to mine, said he, "Samanthy." Said I to him, said I, "What, sir?" Said he to me, said he, "Samanthy, won't you have me?" Said I to him, said I, "No, sir." And with that I moved away, and he moved his chair closer to mine again, and said he to me, said he, "Samanthy, I'm only going to ask

you twice more. Won't you have me?" Said I to him, said I, "No, sir." And with that I moved away again. And he moved his chair still closer to mine again, and said he to me, said he, "Samanthy, won't you have me?" Said I to him, said I, "Yes, sir." For I was so frightened I didn't know what else to say.

ANNIE'S TICKET.

PLEASE, sir, I have brought you the ticket
You gave her a short week ago—
My own little girl I am meaning,
The one with the fair hair, you know,
And the blue eyes so gentle and tender,
And sweet as the angels above.
God help me, she's one of them now, sir,
And I've nothin' at all left to love.

It came on me sudden, ye see, sir;
She was never an ailin' child,
Though her face was as white as a lily
And her ways just that quiet and mild.
The others was always a trouble,
And botherin', too, every way,
But the first tears that ever she cost me
Are them that I'm sheddin' to-day.

'Twas on Tuesday night that she sickened,
She'd been blithe as a bird all day,
Wid the ticket ye gave her,
And never another word

But "Mammie, just think of the music,"
And, "Mammie, they'll give us ice-cream.
We can roll on the turf and pick posies;
O Mammie! it's just like a dream!"

And so, when the fever came on her,
It seemed the one thought in her brain.
'Twould have melted the heart in your breast
To hear her, again and again,
Beggin', "Mammie, oh! plaze get me ready,
The boat will be goin' off, I say,
I hear the bell ring. Where's me ticket?
Oh! won't we be happy to-day!"

Three days she raved with the fever,
Wid her face and her hands in a flame,
But on Friday at noon she grew quiet,
She knew me, and called me by name.
My heart gave a leap when I heard it,
But, O sir! it turned me to stone,
The look on the face, pinched and drawn like,
I knew God had sent for His own.

And she knew it too, sir, the creature,
And said, when I told her the day,
In her weak little voice, "Mammie, darlin',
Don't cry 'cause I'm goin' away.
To-morrow they'll go to the picnic—
They'll have beautiful times, I know,
But Heaven is like it, and better,
And so I am ready to go.

And Mammie, I aint a bit frightened,
There's many a little girl died,

And it seems like the dear lovin' Saviour
Was standin' right here by me side.
Take my ticket, dear Mammie, and ask them
If some other child, poor and sick.
That hasn't got Heaven and Jesus,
May go in my place and be glad."

And then, with "Good-bye, Mammie darlin',"
She drew my lips down to her own,
And the One she had felt close beside her
Bent too, and I sat there alone.
And so I have brought you the ticket,
Though me heart seems ready to break,
To ask you to let some poor creature
Feel glad for my dead darlin's sake.

THE PINE TOWN DEBATING SOCIETY.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

QUESTION FOR DEBATE: "Which hab produced de mos' wonders—de lan' or de water?"

THE meeting having been called to order, the chairman said, "Water takes de lead."

Dr. Crane came forward. He said: "Mr. Chaarman, geografers tell us dat one-quarter of de yaarth's surface is lan' an' three-quarters is water; in one squaar foot of dat water is more wonders dan in forty squaar rods of lan'. Dese chillen settin' round hyar can figger on dat. Dat's a argyment I introduce jus' to keep the chillen quiet awhile. When you spill water on a table it spreads out all thin—on a clean table, I mean. Now, sposen de table dusty. Note de change. De water

separates in globules. (For de information of some of de folks, I would explain that globules is drops, separated drops.) Now, why is dat? Isn't dat wonderful? Can de lan' do like dat? No, saar. Dere's no such wonder in de lan'."

Mr. Laukins said: "Mr. Chaarman, I don't see nothin' wonderful in de water gettin' in drops on de dusty table. Dat's the natcher ob de water. Dere's nothing wonderful in anything actin' accordin' to natcher. Sposen it wasn't its natcher, what causes it to get into drops? De dust. DE DUST! de lan'! de lan'! De wonder's in de lan', after all. Mr. Chaarman, Dr. Crane makes no argyment for de water at all, but all for de lan'. He makes a p'int dat de table should be dusty. De dust makes de wonderful change in de water, an' dust is lan'! I wants no better argyment for de lan' dan Dr. Crane makes."

Mr. Hunnicut said: "Mr. Chaarman, speakin' ob de wonders in de water, I take my position on Niagary Falls—de gran', stupenjus, majestic wonder ob de hole world. Dere's no such or-inspiring objeck in de lan'. Den see the waterfalls ob minor importance scattered all ober de face ob de yaarth. Whoeber saw de lan' rollin' ober de precipice like de water? See de mitey oshun. She hole up the ship full ob frate and passengers widout props, an' yit de ship move along in de water if jus' a little wind touch her. Put de ship on de lan' an' load her; forty locomotives tear her all to pieces 'fore she move. Dr. Crane tells us dere's more wonders in one squaar foot ob water dan in forty rods ob lan' He's right. Why, one night las' week I's ober to Doc Russell's house, an' de ole doctor he ax me would I like to see a drop ob water in his glass (his magnifyin'

glass, I mean); I tole um sartinly. So he rig up de glass, an' when he got um all right, he tole me to take a good look. Well, Mr. Chaarman, in dat one drop ob water I seed more wonders than I eber saw in de whole course ob my life. Dere wos a animal like a gran'-mother's nightcap with one string, a-scootin' roun' after another thing like a curry-comb with a flounced handle. Dere was a year ob corn wid a ruffle down each side, an' the fust thing I knowed a six-legged bass drum come swimmin' along an' jes' swallowed it. Talk about wonders on de lan', dey aint a patchin' to de water."

Mr. Lewman said: "De fust part ob Mr. Hunnicut's argyment, seems to me, is all for de lan'. Dere would be no Niagary or any odder falls if de lan' wasn't in such a mos' wonderful shape to make falls. De water falls 'cause dat's its natcher. Jus' look right here in Mount Vernon. Dere's Norton's dam; dere's de same principle, the same law ob natchur. Take away de dam, de water is no more dan common water. No, saar, dhere's no wonder in de water at Niagary. De wonder is in de lan'."

Dr. Crane said: "Perhaps it's not generally known but still it is a fac', dat if it's not for de water in de air, we'd all die. Dere mus' be water in de air we take into our lungs to sustain life. An', strange as it may seem, dere mus' be water in the air to sustain combustion. You could not kindle a fire were it not for de aqueous gases ob de air. (By aqueous I mean watery.) I call dat wonderful—I can see nothing like it in de lan'—dat de water which put out de fire is necessary to make the fire burn."

Mr. Morehouse said: "Mr. Chaarman, I hope dat you'll rule out all dat Dr. Crane jus' said. Instruct de

Committee not to take no 'count ob it. Sich talk's too much fool nonsense. (Excuse my 'spression, but I get so excited when I hear sich tomfoolery an' ridiculus slush in a 'spectable meetin', dat I forgets myself, an' don't know for de minit wedder I's drivin' a mule waggin' or in meetin'. 'Scuse me, an' I'll try to keep my feelin's down. But, as I say, when sich trash is lugged in as sinsible argyment, it riles me.) Dr. Crane says we mus' hab water to breeve I daar him to de trial. He may go down an' stick his college hed (excuse me, saar), his eddicated hed, in de creek, an' take his breevin' dar, saar, an' I'll take my stan' an' my breevin' on dis platform by de stove, an' let de Committee decide de case on de merits ob de proof on who holes out de longest. Den listen to what he says about water makin' de fire burn. Did you eber—did you eber hyaar de like? Now, 'cordin' to Dr. Crane, s'posen I wants to start a fire in dis yar stove. I gets some shavin's an' den puts in some pine kindlin's, den berry carefully pour on a little, jes' a little, karysene, den puts on a few nice pieces ob coal, lights a match, sticks her to de shavin's, and she don't burn; I lights a newspaper an' frows her under de grate; de shavin's don't light. I gits mad, an' I slaps in a bucket of water, an' away she goes, all a-blazin' in a second. Oh, shaw! sich bosh! Don't take no 'count ob dat. It would be a wonder if it was true; but, oh my! what cabbage it is. Jedges, don't take no 'count ob sich idle talk. I say, saar, dat the lan' produce de mos' wonders. Look at de trees, de flowers, de grain, de cabbages, de inyuns, dat spring up out ob de lan'. Look at de Mammoth Cave, more wonderful dan all de falls dat ebber fell. See how de bore in de groun' fifteen hundred feet an' more, and out come coal-oil two thou-

sand bar'l a minit. I'd jes' like to see any dese water folks bore a hole fifteen hundred feet down into de ocean, an' pump out one gallon ob coal-oil in an hour. Can you dig down in de ocean or in de lakes an' git out gold an' silber, an' iron, an' coal? Can you build a raleroad on de ocean, an' cut a tunnel thru de waters? No, saar."

Mr. Hunnicut said: "It's jus' 'curred to my mind, on Mr. Morehouse speakin' 'bout de trees an' de grass an' de inyuns an' cabbages, dat when I was out in de fur Wes' I allus notice dat on de plains, on de mountains, anywhere away from de streams, no timber grows, no wegitation, no grass, mos'ly barr'n; but all long de streams dere's de grass, de trees, de wegitation. Why? 'Cause ob de moistureness, de water. So, 'pears to me dat de cause ob all de b'utiful wegitation, after all, is de water. Aint dat so, saar?"

Several other speeches were made on both sides. The Committee decided about as follows: "De advocates ob water hab made a good showin', considerin' how little we really know about water. But as we is more sure ob de lan', we mus' decide in favor ob de lan', but recommend de water side as deserbin' high credit for deir investigations, an' de instruction an' edifyin' ob de meetin'." ANON.

BURGLAR BILL.

THROUGH a window in the attic brawny Burglar Bill has crept;
Stealthily he seeks a chamber where the jewelry is kept,

He is furnished with a jimmy, centre-bit, and carpet-bag—
For the latter "comes in handy," as he says, "to stow the swag."
Here, upon the second landing, he secure may work his will;
Down below's a dinner-party—up above the house is still.
Suddenly—in spell-bound horror—all his satisfaction ends—
For a little white-robed figure by the banister descends!
Bill has reached for his revolver—but he hesitates to fire:
Child is it, or apparition, that provokes him to perspire?
Can it be his guardian angel, sent to stay his hand from crime?
He could wish she had selected some more seasonable time!
"Go away!" he whimpers, hoarsely. "Burglars have their bread to earn!
I don't need no gordian angel comin' givin' me a turn!"
But the blue eyes open wider, ruby lips reveal their pearl:—
"I is not a garden angel—I is dust a yickel girl!
On the thairs to thit I'm doin' till the tarts and jellies tum;
Partinthon, the butler, alwayth thaves for Baby Bella thome!
Poor man 'oo is lookin' 'ungry—leave 'oo burgling fings up dere,
Tum along an' have some sweeties, thitting on the bottom thair."
"Reely, miss, you must excoose me," says the burglar, with a jerk;

"Dooty calls, and time is pressing—I must set about
my work!"
"Is 'oo work to bweak in houses? Nana told me so,
I'm sure!
Will 'oo try if 'oo can manage to bweak in my doll's-
house door?
I tan never det it undone, so my dollies tan't det out;
They don't like the fwont to open every time they'd
walk about!
Twy—and if 'oo does it nicely, when I'm thent upthairs
to theep,
I will bring 'oo up some goodies—which thall be for 'oo
to keep!"
Off the little angel flutters—but the burglar wipes his
brow,
He is wholly unaccustomed to a kindly greeting now,
Never with a smile of welcome has he seen his entrance
met!
Nobody (except the policeman) ever wanted him as
yet!
Many a stately home he's entered—but, with unobtru-
sive tact,
He has ne'er, in paying visits, called attention to the
fact.
Gain he counts it, on departing, if he has avoided strife.
Ah! my brothers, but the burglar's is a sad and lonely
life!
All forgotten are the jewels, once the purpose of his
"job,"
As he sinks upon the doormat with a deep and choking
sob!
Then, the infant's plea recalling, seeks the nursery
above,

Looking for the Lilliputian crib he is to crack—for love!
In the corner stands the doll's house, gayly painted green and red;
And the door declines to open—even as the child has said!
Out comes centre-bit and jimmy, all his implements are plied;
Never has he burgled better, as he feels with honest pride!
Deftly now the task's accomplished—for the door will open well—
When a childish voice behind him breaks the silence like a bell—
"Sank 'oo, Missa Burglar, sank 'oo; and, betause 'oo's been tho nice,
See, I've bwought 'oo up a tartlet—gweat big gweedies eat the ice!
Pappa says he wants to see 'oo—Partinthon is tummin' too—
Tan't 'oo stay?" * * * "Well, not this evenin', so, my little dear—adoo!"
Fast he speeds across the house-tops—but his bosom throbs with bliss,
For upon his rough lips linger traces of a baby's kiss.
Dreamily on downy pillow Baby Bella murmurs sweet:
"Burglar, tum adain an' thee me—I will dive 'oo cakes to eat!"
In his garret, worn and weary, Burglar Bill has sunk to rest,
Clasping tenderly a damson tartlet to his burly breast!

AUNT PARSONS'S STORY.

I TOLD Hezekiah—that's my man. People mostly call him Deacon Parsons, but he never gets any deaconing from me. We were married—"Hezekiah and Amariah"—that's going on forty years ago, and he's jest Hezekiah to me, and nothin' more.

Well, as I was saying, says I, "Hezekiah, we aren't right. I am sure of it." And he said, "Of course not. We are poor sinners, Amy; all poor sinners." And I said, "Hezekiah, this 'poor sinner' talk has gone on long enough. I suppose we are poor sinners, but I don't see any use of being mean sinners; and there's one thing I think is real mean."

It was jest after breakfast, and, as he felt poorly, he hedn't gone to the shop yet; and so I had this little talk with him to sort o' chirk him up. He knew what I was comin' to, for we hed had the subject up before. It was our little church. He always said, "The poor people, and what should we ever do?" And I always said, "We never shall do nothin' unless we try." And so, when I brought the matter up in this way, he just began biting his toothpick, and said, "What's up now? Who's mean? Amariah, we oughtn't to speak evil of one another." Hezekiah always says "poor sinners," and doesn't seem to mind it; but when I occasionally say, "mean sinners," he somehow gits oneasy. But I was started, and I meant to free my mind.

So I said, says I, "I was goin' to confess our sins. Dan'l confessed for all his people, and I was confessin' for all our little church.

"Truth is," says I, "ours is allus called one of the

'feeble churches,' and I am tried about it. I've raised seven children, and at fourteen months old every boy and girl of 'em could run alone. And our church is fourteen years old," says I, "and it can't take a step yet without somebody to hold on by. The Board helps us, and General Jones, good man, he helps us—helps too much, I think—and so we live along; but we don't seem to get strong. Our people draw their rations every year as the Indians do up at the agency, and it doesn't seem sometimes as if they ever thought of doing anything else.

"They take it so easy," I said. "That's what worries me. I don't suppose we could pay all expenses, but we might act as if we wanted to, and as if we meant to do all we can.

"I read," says I, "last week about the debt of the Board; and this week, as I understand," says I, "our application is going in for another year, and no particular effort to do any better; and it frets me. I can't sleep nights, and I can't take comfort Sundays. I've got to feelin' as if we were a kind of perpetual paupers. And that was what I meant when I said, 'It is real mean!' I suppose I said it a little sharp," says I, "but I'd rather be sharp than flat any day; and if we don't begin to stir ourselves, we shall be flat enough before long, and shall deserve to be. It grows on me. It has jest been 'Board, Board, Board,' for fourteen years, and I'm tired of it. I never did like boardin'," says I, "and even if we were poor, I believe we might do something toward settin' up housekeepin' for ourselves.

"Well, there's not many of us—about a hundred, I believe, and some of these is women-folks, and some is jest girls and boys. And we all have to work hard,

and live close; but," says I, "let us show a disposition if nothing more. Hezekiah, if there's any spirit left in us, let us show some sort of a disposition."

And Hezekiah had his toothpick in his teeth, and looked down at his boots, and rubbed his chin as he always does when he's goin' to say somethin'. "I think there's some of us that shows a disposition."

Of course I understood that hit, but I kep' still. I kep' right on with my argument, and I said, "Yes, and a pretty bad disposition it is. It's a disposition to let ourselves be helped when we ought to be helping ourselves. It's a disposition to lie still and let somebody carry us. And we are growing up cripples—only we don't grow.

"'Kiah," says I, "do you hear me?" Sometimes when I want to talk a little he jest shets his eyes, and begins to rock himself back and forth in the old arm-chair, and he was doin' that now. So I said, "Kiah, do you hear?" And he said, "Some!" and I went on. "I've got a proposition," says I. And he sort o' looked up, and said, "Hev you? Well, between a disposition and a proposition, I guess the proposition might be better."

He's awful sarcrostic, sometimes. But I wasn't goin' to get riled, nor thrown off the track; so I jest said, "Yes, do you and I git two shillin's' worth apiece, a week, out o' that blessed little church o' ourn, do you think?" says I. "Cos, if we do, I want to give two shillin's a week to keep it goin'; and I thought maybe you could do as much." So he said he guessed we could stand that; and I said, "That's my proposition, and I mean to see if we can't find somebody else that'll do the same. It'll show disposition, anyway."

"Well, I suppose you'll have your own way," says he; "you most always do." And I said, "Isn't it most allers a good way?" Then I brought out my subscription paper. I had it all ready. I didn't jest know how to shape it, but I knew it was something about "the sums set opposite our names;" and so I drawed it up and took my chances. "You must head it," says I, "because you're the oldest deacon; and I must go on next, because I am the deacon's wife; and then I'll see some of the rest of the folks."

So 'Kiah sot down, and put on his specs, and took his pen, but did not write. "What's the matter?" says I. And he said, "I'm sort o' 'shamed to subscribe two shillin's. I never signed so little as that for any thing. I used to give that to the circus when I was nothin' but a boy, and I ought to do more than that to support the gospel. Two shillin' a week! Why, it's only a shillin' a sermon, and all the prayer-meetin's throwed in. I can't go less than fifty cents, I am sure." So down he went for fifty cents; and then I signed for a quarter, and then my sunbonnet went onto my head pretty lively, and says I, "Hezekiah, there's some cold potato in the pantry, and you know where to find the salt; so, if I am not back by dinner-time, don't be bashful, help yourself." And I started.

I called on the Smith family first. I felt sure of them. And they were just happy. Mr. Smith signed, and so did Mrs. Smith; and Long John, he came in while we were talkin', and put his name down; and then old Grandma Smith, she didn't want to be left out; so there was four of 'em. I've allers found it a great thing in any great enterprise to enlist the Smith family. There's a good many of 'em. Next I called

on the Joslyns, and next on the Chapins, and then on the Widdy Chadwick, and so I kept on.

I met a little trouble once or twice, but not much. There was Fussy Furber; and bein' trustee, he thought I was out of my spear, he said; and he wanted it understood that such work belonged to the trustees. "To be sure," says I; "I'm glad I've found it out. I wish the trustees had discovered that a leetle sooner." Then there was sister Puffy that's got the asthma. She thought we ought to be lookin' after "the sperritooalities." She said we must get down before the Lord. She didn't think churches could be run on money. But I told her I guessed we should be jest as spiritual to look into our pocketbooks a little, and I said it was a shame to be 'tarnally beggin' so of the Board.

She looked dredful solemn when I said that, and I almost felt as I'd been committin' profane language. But I hope the Lord will forgive me if I took anything in vain. I did not take my call in vain, I tell you. Mrs. Puffy is good, only she allus wanted to talk so pious; and she put down her two shillin's and then hove a sigh. Then I found the boys at the cooper-shop, and got seven names there at one lick; and when the list began to grow, people seemed ashamed to say no; and I kept gainin' till I had jest an even hundred, and then I went home.

Well, it was pretty well toward candle-light when I got back, and I was that tired I didn't know much of any thing. I've washed, and I've scrubbed, and I've baked, and I've cleaned house, and I've biled soap, and I've moved; and I 'low that a'most any one of that sort of thing is a little exhaustin'. But put your bakin' and movin' and bilin' soap all together, and it

won't work out as much genuine tired soul and body as one day with a subscription paper to support the gospel. So when I sort o' dropped into a chair, and Hezekiah said, "Well?" I was past speakin'; and I put my check apron up to my face as I hadn't done since I was a young, foolish girl, and cried. I don't know what I felt so bad about, I don't know as I did feel bad. But I felt cry, and I cried. And 'Kiah, seein' how it was, felt kind o' sorry for me, and set some tea a-steepin'; and when I had had my drink with weepin', I felt better. I handed him the subscription paper, and he looked it over as if he didn't expect any thing; but soon he began saying, "I never! I never!" And I said: "Of course you didn't; you never tried. How much is it?" "Why, don't you know?" says he. "No," I said; "I aint quick in figures, and I hadn't time to foot it up. I hope it will make us out this year three hundred dollars or so."

"Amy," says he, "you're a prodigy—a prodigal, I may say—and you don't know it. A hundred names at two shillin' each gives us twenty-five dollars a Sunday. Some of 'em may fail, but most of 'em is good; and there is ten, eleven, thirteen, that sign fifty cents. That 'll make up what fails. That paper of yourn 'll give us thirteen hundred dollars a year!" I jumped up like I was shot. "Yes," he says, "we sha'n't need any thing this year from the Board. This church, for this year at any rate, is self-supporting."

We both sot down and kep' still a minute, when I said kind o' softly: "Hezekiah," says I, "isn't it about time for prayers?" I was just chokin'; but as he took down the Bible, he said, "I guess we had better sing somethin'." I nodded like, and he just struck in. We

often sing at prayers in the morning, but now it seemed like the Scripter that says, "He giveth songs in the night." 'Kiah generally likes the solemn tunes, too; and we sing "Show pitv, Lord," a great deal; and this mornin' we had sung "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound," 'cause 'Kiah was not feelin' very well, and we wanted to chirk up a little.

So I just waited to see what metre he'd strike to-night; and would you believe it? I didn't know that he knew any sech tune. But off he started on "Joy to the world, the Lord is come." I tried to catch on, but he went off lickerty-switch, like a steam-engine, and I couldn't keep up. I was partly laughin' to see 'Kiah go it, and partly crying again, my heart was so full; so I doubled up some of the notes, and jumped over the others; and so we safely reached the end.

But, I tell you, Hezekiah prayed. He allers prays well; but this was a bran' new prayer, exactly suited to the occasion. And when Sunday come, and the minister got up and told what had been done, and said, "It is all the work of one good woman, and done in one day," I just got scared and wanted to run. And when some of the folks shook hands with me after meetin', and said, with tears in their eyes, how I'd saved the church, and all that, I came awful nigh gettin' proud. But, as Hezekiah says, "we're all poor sinners," and so I choked it back. But I am glad I did it; and I don't believe our church will ever go boarding any more.

PRESBYTERIAN JOURNAL.

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.

IT'S easy to talk of the patience of Job. Humph!
Job hed nothin' to try him!
Ef he'd been married to 'Bijah Brown, folks wouldn't
have dared come nigh him.
Trials, indeed? Now I'll tell you what—ef you want
to be sick of your life,
Jest come and change places with me a spell—for I'm
an inventor's wife.
And such inventions! I'm never sure, when I take up
my coffee-pot,
That 'Bijah haint been "improvin'" it and it mayn't
go off like a shot.
Why, didn't he make me a cradle once, that would keep
itself a-rockin';
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't his head
bruised shockin'?
And there was his "Patent Peeler," too—a wonderful
thing, I'll say;
But it hed one fault—it never stopped till the apple
was peeled away.
As for locks and clocks, and mowin' machines and
reapers, and all such trash,
Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of 'em, but they don't
bring in no cash.
Law! that don't worry him—not at all; he's the most
aggravatin'est man—
He'll set in his little workshop there, and whistle, and
think, and plan,
Inventin' a jew's-harp to go by steam, or a new-fangled
powder-horn,

While the children's goin' barefoot to school and the
weeds is chokin' our corn.
When 'Bijah and me kep' company, he warn't like this,
you know;
Our folks all thought he was dreadful smart—but that
was years ago.
He was handsome as any pictur then, and he had such
a glib, bright way—
I never thought that a time would come when I'd rue
my weddin' day;
But when I've been forced to chop the wood, and tend
to the farm beside,
And look at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've jest dropped
down and cried.
We lost the hull of our turnip crop while he was in-
ventin' a gun;
But I counted it one of my marcies when it bu'st
before 'twas done.
So he turned it into a "burglar alarm." It ought to
give thieves a fright—
'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits, ef he got it
off at night.
Sometimes I wonder if 'Bijah's crazy, he does sech
cur'ous things.
Hev I told you about his bedstead yit?—'Twas full of
wheels and springs;
It hed a key to wind it up, and a clock face at the head;
All you did was to turn them hands, and at any hour
you said,
That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced you on
the floor,
And then shet up, jes like a box, so you couldn't sleep
any more.

Wa'al, 'Bijah he fixed it all complete, and he sot it at
half-past five,
But he hadn't mor'n got into it when—dear me! sakes
alive!
Them wheels began to whiz and whir! I heerd a fear-
ful snap!
And there was that bedstead, with 'Bijah inside, shet up
jest like a trap!
I screamed, of course, but 'twan't no use, then I worked
that hull long night
A-trying to open the pesky thing. At last I got in a
fright;
I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I thought he might
be dyin';
So I took a crow-bar and smashed it in.—There was
'Bijah peacefully lyin',
Inventin' a way to git out agin. That was all very well
to say,
But I don't b'lieve he'd have found it out if I'd left him
in all day.
Now, sence I've told you my story, do you wonder I'm
tired of life?
Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an inventor's
wife?

MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

DER DEUTSCHER'S MAXIM.

DHERE vas vot you call a maxim
Dot I hear der oder day,
Und I vride id in mine album,
So id don'd could got avay;
Und I dells mine leedle Yawcob
He moost mind vot he's aboud:
"'Tis too late to lock der shtable
Vhen der horse he vas gone oudt."

Vhen I see ubon der corners
Off der shtreets, most efry night,
Der loafers und der hoodlums,
Who do nix but shvear und fight,
I says to mine Katrina:
"Let us make home bright und gay;
Ve had petter lock der shtable,
So our colts don'd got avay."

Vhen you see dhose leedle urchins,
Not mooch ofer knee-high tall
Shump righdt indo der melon patch,
Shust owf der garden vall,
Und vatch each leedle rashkell
Vhen he cooms back mit hees "boodie,"
Look oudt und lock your shtable,
So your own nag don'd shkydoodle!

Vhen der young man at der counter
Vants to shpecgulate in shtocks,
Und buys hees girl some timand rings,
Und piles righdt oup der rocks,

Look oudt for dot young feller;
  Id vas safe enuff to say
Dot der shtable id vas empty,
  Und der horse vas gone avay.

Dhen dake Time by der fetlock;
  Don'd hurry droo life's courses;
Rememper vot der poet says,
  "Life's but a shpan"—off horses;
Der poy he vas der comin' man;
  Be careful vhile you may;
Shust keep der shtable bolted,
  Und der horse don'd got avay.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

YOURS, TRULY.

"AMAZIN GRACE," said Mrs. Pilsbury, as she sat with her daughter at their afternoon sewing, "be yew goin' to piece a quilt?"

"What fur, mother?"

"Why, aint Mr. Van Vleet been to see you twice't runnin' lately? He's axed ye, I s'pose, to hev him?"

"An' I guiv him the mitten."

"Sho! you wouldn't be half so silly! Why, he's wuth a dozen ord'nary men. You mought go further and fare wuss."

"Jest what I'm goin' to dew."

"Did yew tell him so?"

"No, I writ; now, mother, let me be; I aint goin' to

marry no man thet thinks I'm jumpin' et the chance. I'd a heap ruther be an old maid."

There was nothing said for some time; then the widow asked:

"When did yew write, 'Mazin?"

"A day or so past."

"Where did you get a pen?"

"I borrowed one. Mebbe you'd like to know what I said tew him?"

"You've guessed rite," said the widow, eagerly.

"It aint nuthin' to nobody but us, mother, s'long as I didn't have him," said the girl, curtly; and no more was said, but the widow sighed heavily, and held her hand to her left side.

Amazin knew that it meant her heart, for she had been brought up to respect that organ as an intimidating power. This time she did not relent, but wondered why she could not like that big, good-looking Van Vleet well enough to marry him, for they were poor—poor as that historic church-mouse—and he was well off.

But they were not mercenary. People called them simple folks; perhaps because they lacked education, and believed everything that was told them. But they were good as gold. The widow's face and form, lank and ungainly, were familiar to every sick-room. They rendered unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's. They owed no man anything, though they worked early and late to accomplish it. They were good to everybody and everything, and Amazin Grace (her mother had named her after the hymn commencing "Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound") was really pretty. So thought big, hulking, shame-faced Van Vleet when he came a-courting her with his trowsers tucked into cow-

hide boots and a coon-skin cap tied down over his ears. She was the only girl he was afraid of, and he wasn't afraid of her, come right down to it.

He was an honest, decent chap, with a fist like a sledge-hammer and a heart like a child's. He wanted Amazin Grace, and he couldn't imagine any reason why he should not have her. When he got her simple little letter of refusal, written out with infinite difficulty, and spelled on a new plan of phonetic, he read it over and over, smoked his cob-pipe, read the letter again, grinned a good bit, then folded it reverently and put it in the pocket nearest his heart.

"That's all rite, my girl," he chuckled.

A couple of months passed away. One peculiarity of time is that it treats all people alike. It does not fly from some and stand still for others. It was spring at the Van Vleet farm, which was one mass of cherry and apple-blossoms, and it was spring at the Widow Pilsbury's little lean-to house, without shrub or blossom. The widow looked out of the window and sighed. She had never heard the "Song of the Shirt," but she had sung it all her life. It was her bread and butter.

"There's Van Vleet!" she exclaimed, looking up from her lapboard. "Well, I declare! What brings him here?"

"P'raps he's comin' to ask yew to hev him, mother," said Amazin Grace, laughing, while a sweet flush of pink stained her round cheeks.

"I wish he would," said the widow, devoutly; "I should consider it was flyin' in the face of Providence not to marry such a man—if he asked me."

But Mr. Van Vleet stalked in with a brief "good-day," threw an armful of blossoms in the lap of Amazin Grace, and said:

"I'm ready for a weddin'."

"Did you get my letter?" asked the girl.

"Yep! It warn't, to say, lovin', but I took your meanin'. I've fenced in the hull north lot, and forbushed the house up, so yer wouldn't know it, and kalculate ef we kin git married next week, it won't interfere with my spring work—hey?"

Amazin Grace sat back and looked the picture of surprise. The widow thought she heard the cat in the pantry and discreetly withdrew. As the door closed Farmer Van Vleet took two little red hands in his, and, bending forward, gave Amazin Grace an awful smack.

"That seals the bargain," he said, but the indignant girl jumped up and ordered him out of the house. To her astonishment he didn't budge a step.

"Not much! I reckin I've a right to kiss yer now," he said, boldly; then he stepped to the door and called loudly:

"Mother! kum here!"

The widow must have been conveniently near, for she almost fell into the room at his first word, and he bestowed another sounding smack on her.

"It's all rite," he said, "me an' Amazin Grace is goin' to be married, and you kin dance at the weddin'."

"But—but the letter," gasped the girl. "You aint understood a word of it."

"The fact is," said Farmer Van Vleet, "I aint had no eddication to speak of; been too busy grubbin' land all my life. I didn't raly read the letter to sense, but when I see how you signed it that was enuff for me. I knowed you wouldn't hev writ that way to a feller ye wern't goin' to marry. I don't know much about gals, but I know that."

When it was all settled that they were to be married the next week, Sunday, Farmer Van Vleet rode off, and the women put away the lap-robe and resigned the universal shirt-making forever.

"I'd give the world to know what I writ to him," said Amazin Grace.

"The world aint yourn tew give," corrected her mother, piously.

"I'm sartin sure I told him no," said the girl, "but I reckon he was bound to hev me, an' I dunno ez I'm half sorry, either, now."

When they were married and Amazin Grace and her mother had gone out to the new home in the smart new spring-wagon, the bride returned to the subject of the letter.

"I hev a burnin' cur'osity to know what I writ," she said, "causs (blushing prettily) I thought I riffused you."

"O ho! I guess not," said the triumphant lover. "Look a-here, Mrs. Van Vleet, here's the letter. 'Taint but a few words. There aint no 'ticular meanin' in them, but it's the signing of them. Do you see that? Them two words would stand in law to mean plain yes; there's no gittin' round them!"

Amazin Grace and her mother both read at once:

"Mr. Van Vleet:

"deer sir—I am sorry to Inform you that your attenshuns are in nowise Recipperkated.

"Yures trewly,

"AMAZIN GRACE PILSBURY."

"That fetched me," said Mr. Van Vleet, looking admiringly at his new possession. "I doan't know much, but I kin tell what a girl means when she writes to a feller and signs herself 'Yures trewly.'"

CABIN LOVE-SONG.

OH, listen to me, darkies,
I'll tell you a little story:
'Tis all about my true love,
De Flat Creek mornin'-glory;
She's as nice as any jew-drap
Inside de open flower;
She sof'er dan de moonshine,
An' I lubs her eb'ry hour!

CHORUS.—Mag is a sunflower,
Mag is a daisy;
Mag is de very gal
To run a darkey crazy!

Her head is like de full moon,
Her lips is sweet as a cherry;
Her furrud's smoov as a lookin'-glass,
An' slick as a huckleberry;
Her face is like a picter,
Her teef is white an' pearly:
Her eye is bright as a lightnin'-bug,
An' her ha'r is 'mazin' curly!

I like to chop de 'backer patch
Wid Mag right close behind me;
I'd like to be a 'backer-wum
Ef Mag would only find me;
I'd like to be a flock o' sheep
Ef Mag would dribe me 'bout;
I'd like to be a 'tater-slip
Ef Mag would set me out!

I seed her for de fus' time
In thinnin' out de corn;
She made my feelin's flutterate,
An' now my heart is gone;
Oh, I lubs her like de mischuf,
I's bound to tell her soon,
An' I'll cote her at de shuckin'
On de changin' ob de moon!

J. A. Macon.

UNCLE PETE AND MARSE GEORGE.

HE sat in musing mood on the top rail of a worm fence, and gazed wistfully across a forty-acre field toward the double log cabin of a Missouri landed proprietor. Peace and good-will to all were written in every feature of his ebony countenance. A few gray hairs were visible in his beard and wool, and as he got down off the fence and started across the half-plowed stubble field toward the mansion at which he had been gazing, a limp was noticeable in his left leg, the knee of which bowed outward somewhat.

This venerable colored man was known in the neighborhood as "Uncle Pete." As he neared the double cabin he halted, shaded his eyes with his hand, and, after gazing a moment, muttered:

"Yes, dar he is, dar is Marse George a-sittin' on de poarch a-readin' his papah. I coch um at home!"

"Marse George," said Uncle Peter, a few minutes later, as he hobbled into the veranda, seated himself on a bench, and decorously adjusted his old worn hat over the glaring patches on the knees of the trousers, "Marse

George, I'se come to see you once mo', once mo', befo' I leabes you fo'ebber. Marse George, I'se gwine to de odder shoah; I'se far on de way to my long home, to dat home ober acrost de ribber, whar de wicked hab no mo' trouble and whar water millions ripen all de yeah!

"Youns has all bin bery kine to me heah, Marse George, berry kine to de ole man, but I'se gwine away acrost de dark ribber. I'se gwine ober, an' dar on dat odder shoah I'll stan' an' pick on de golden hawp among de angels an' in de company of de blest. Dar I'll fine my rest; dar I'll stan' befo' de throne fo'ebber mo' a-singin' an' a-shoutin' susannis to de Lord!"

"Oh! no, Uncle Pete, you're all right yet—you're good for another twenty years."

"Berry kine o' you to say dat, Marse George—berry kine—but it's no use. It almos' breaks my heart to leab you an' to leab de missus an' de chillun, Marse George, but I'se got my call—I'se all gone inside."

"Don't talk so, Uncle Pete; you are still quite a hale old man."

"No use talkin', Marse George, I'se gwine to hebben berry soon. 'Pears like I can heah de singin' on de odder shoah. 'Pears like I can heah de voice ob Aunt Liza an' de odders dat's gone befoah. You'se bin berry kine to me, Marse George—de missus an' de chillun's bin berry good—seems like all de people's bin berry good to poor ole Pete—poor creetur like me."

"Nonsense, Uncle Pete (kindly and encouragingly), nonsense, you are good for many years yet. You'll see the sod placed on the graves of many younger men than you are before they dig the hole for you. What you want just now, Uncle Pete, is a good square meal. Go

into the kitchen and help yourself—fill up inside. There is no one at home, but I think you know the road. Plenty of cold victuals of all kinds in there."

"'Bleeged t'ye, Marse George, 'bleeged t'ye, sah, I'll go! For de little time I has got to stay, I'll not go agin natur'; but it's no use. I'se all gone inside—I'se got my call. I'm one o' dem dat's on de way to de golden shoah."

Old Pete's limp was hardly noticeable as he departed for the depository of eatables, and a saintly smile illuminated his wrinkled face.

Left alone, the planter was soon absorbed in his paper, and he noted the long absence of Uncle Pete. At last, however, he was aroused by hearing the old man's voice as he merrily caroled as follows:

"Jay bird, jay bird, sittin' on a limb,
He winked at me, an' I at him;
Cocked my gun and split his shin,
An' left the arrow a-stickin' in."

"Zounds!" cried the planter, "if that old thief hasn't found my bitters bottle! Pete! Pete, you rascal!"

"Snake bake a hoecake,
An' set the frog to mind it;
But the frog he fell asleep,
An' de lizard came an' find it."

"Pete, you rascal, come out of that," cried the planter.

Pete heard not, for he was dancing a gentle shuffle and singing:

"De debble catch de groun' hog
A-sittin' in de sun,
An' kick him off de back-log
Jes' to see de fun."

"You Pete! Blast the nigger!" cried the now thoroughly aroused planter, throwing down his paper, and rushing to the scene of this unseemly hilarity.

Unconscious of the approach, or of his presence in the world, Pete sang:

"De weasel went to see de pole-cat's wife,
You nebber smelt such a row in yer—"

"Pete!" broke in the irate Missourian, "Pete, you old rascal, is that the way you are crossing the river? Are those the songs they sing on the golden shore? Is this the way for a man to act when he has got his call—when he is all gone inside?"

Old Pete, looking very much as he would had he been caught in a hen-roost, at last found courage to say: "Marse George, I'se got de call, sure, an' I'se gwine across de dark ribber soon, but I'se now braced up a little on de inside, an' de 'scursion am postponed—'scursion am postponed, sah!" ANON.

THE CULTURED DAUGHTER OF A PLAIN GROCER.

IN September last the daughter of a Towsontown man, who had grown comfortably well-off in the grocery business, was sent away to a female college, and last week arrived home for a vacation as her health

was not good at school. The father was in attendance at the depot when the train arrived, with the old horse in a delivery wagon, to convey his daughter and her trunks to the house. When the train had stopped, a bewitching array of dry goods and a wide-brimmed hat dashed from the car and flung itself into the elderly party's arms.

"Why, you superlative pa!" she exclaimed, "I'm so utterly glad to see you."

The old gentleman was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the sealskin cloak in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with the bay mare, and he sort of embraced it in his arms and planted a kiss where it would do most good, with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot. In a brief space of time the trunk and its accompanying baggage were loaded in the wagon, which was soon bumping over the road toward home.

"Pa, dear," said the young miss, surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey?" returned the old man, with a puzzled air; "quite excessively beyond what?—beyond Waverly? I consider it somewhat about a mile beyond Waverly countin' from the toll-gate, if that's what you mean?"

"Oh! no, pa; you don't understand me," the daughter explained; "I mean this horse and wagon. Do you think they are soulful? do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony, or even a simple poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could wish?"

The father twisted uneasily in his seat, and muttered something about he believed it used to be used for an

express wagon before he bought it to deliver pork in, but the conversation appeared to be traveling in such a lonesome direction that he fetched the horse a resounding crack on the rotunda, and the severe jolting over the ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh! there is that lovely and consummated ma!" screamed the returning collegiatess, as they drove up at the door, and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the supper-table, as he nipped a piece of butter off the lump with his own knife, "and how d'ye like your school?"

"Well, there, pa, now you're shou—I mean, I consider it far too beyond," replied the daughter. "It is unquenchably ineffable. The girls are so sumptuously stunning—I mean grand—so exquisite—so intense. And then the parties, the balls, the rides—oh! the past weeks have been one sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose so," nervously assented the old gentleman, as he reached for his third cup, "half full—but how about your books?—readin', writin', grammar, rule o' three—how about them?"

"Pa, don't," exclaimed the daughter, reproachfully; "the rule of three! grammar! it is French, and music, and painting, and the divine in art, that have made my school life the boss—I mean rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmatic bliss—incomparably and exquisitely all but."

The groceryman and his wife looked helplessly at each other across the table. After a lonesome pause the old lady said:

"How do you like the biscuits, Mary?"

"They are too utter for anything," gushed the young

lady, "and this plum preserve is simply a poem in itself."

The old gentleman abruptly arose from the table and went out of the room, rubbing his head in a dazed manner, and the mass convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast table next morning he rapped smartly on his plate with the handle of his knife, and remarked:

"Maria, me an' your mother have been talkin' the thing over, an' we've come to the conclusion that this boardin'-school business is too utterly all but too much nonsense. Me an' her considered that we haven't lived forty odd consummate years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, an' there's goin' to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness. Now, after you have finished eatin' that poem of fried sausage, and that symphony of twisted doughnut, you take an' dust upstairs in less'n two seconds, an' peel that fancy gown an' put on a calliker, an' then come down and help your mother wash dishes. I want it distinctly understood that there aint goin' to be no more rhythmic foolishness in this house so long's your superlative pa an' your lovely an' consummate ma's runnin' the ranch. You hear me, Maria?"

Maria was listening.

WHY BEN SCHNEIDER DECIDES FOR PROHIBITION.

YOU schust vants me to dells you apout it, does you? Vell, it von't dake me long, and mine schtory is drue,

Dot vee poy, schtanding oop, mit his head on te ground,
Ish mine leetle poy Fritz; dare's no prighter poy round,
And, sir, somedimes I dinks dot ven grown oop is he,
Schust so schmart like his fadder dot youngster vill be.
Vell, von day in te garden ven trinking mine peer,
Dot poy, Fritz, he comes oop and sez he, "Fadder dear,
De pright peer look so coot, schust a leetle gif me,
For I vants him so pad ven I effer him see.
Do gif me some, von't you? I so likes te peer."
But I sets down my mug and bretends I no hear;
And I looks at mine poy, all so pright and so schmart,
And holds myself shtill, though so fast peats my heart;
Den I puts oud mine hand and sez, "Fritz, coom oop here,
And say how you know dot so coot am te peer."
"Vell, mine fadder," sez he, "ven I first goes in haste
For yourn peer, he schlop oud, and a leetle I taste,
But he taste ferry pad; den you sends me for more,
And so pright te peer look dot I taste as pefore.
And so better he gets, dot I's glad ven you say,
'Come, Fritz, and pring fadder his peer for to-day.'
Py-and-py, den, I like him so vell as I can,
And vill trink all te time ven I gets a big man.
Oh! te peer makes me feel so cholly and gay,
Dot ven I grows oop I'll trink all te long day."

O sir! 'twas shust awful to hear dot vee lad
Talking on in dot vay; oh! it hurt me so pad
I shust vished dot one eart'quake vould open te ground
And schwallow me oop, out of sight and of sound.
Ten, me tinks, I can't tie, for mine Fritz I must save,
Or dey'll find him soom night in a poor trunkard's grave;

Or dey'll scoop him oop out of te gutter soom tay,
And off to te calapoose dake him avay;
Or, he do soom pad crime, te first ting I know,
Den pehind iron bars in Schtate's prison he'll go.
If I dells him te peer is not coot for him, ten
He vill say it tastes coot, and it don't hurt te men.
If I say it is vicked to trink, he vill say,
"Den, fadder, vot makes you so vicked each day?"
If I say he must not te peer trink, den, I know,
Ven te peer t'irst come on, to dot grog-shop he'll go,
And dey'll gif him te trinks for te pennies he'll schpend.
Oh! if to dot place I had neffer him send!
But he know te road easy; for near a two year
He has been effery day to pring me my peer;
And I tought it so schmart ven he big enuff gits
To go for te peer. O mine leetle poy Fritz!
If neffer I'd sent him, how tankful I'd be!
But now, how shall I safe him? Oh! who can tell me?
Den, metinks, now I haf it, te Cherman Liepig
Say peer is not coot for mans, leetle or big;
But ven I vanted peer, den I say, He don't know,
But now I'll git pooks, and find out it is so,
And I, den, vill tell Fritz, in te pooks I schust read,
How dot peer is not coot for anypodies, dey said.
Fadder dinks it is drue, so we'll trink not a dhrop,
And he'll vant like his fadder to be, so he'll schtop—
Den, I tought, dat's all right, only maybe he'll do
As his fadder did vonce, von't pelieve it is drue.
Den, all te saloons I vished under te ground,
And noddings of visky or peer could be found.
Den tere comes to my mind how von man did vonce say,
De saloons would all go if men fote as tey pray,

And if effry man his known duty would do,
And fote prohibition, dot ticket all droo,
In den years dere vould be no saloons in te land,
And no blace vere a liquor-shop effer could schtand.
Oh! how mad I vas den, but schust now, in some vay,
It don't make me so mad; it sounds coot, and I say
To Katrina, mine frau, I's schust going to schtop
Dis trinking te peer ven I comes from mine schop.
Den, laughing, she says, schust to try me, I tinks,
"Vait till Jim cooms along; pretty quick vill you trinks."
Den "Katrina," says I, "you spose noddings I care
For dot leetle poy Fritz, vot is schumping out dere?"
Vell, den, py-and-py dot man Jim, he comes here
And sez, "Come along, Ben, let us go for some peer."
But I dells him I's going right down to te schtore,
And as for te peer, I shall trink him no more;
And he petter not ask me to go in dot vay,
For von demperance man I vas, now, effry day.
"Vot's dot did you say?" and he schumps from his chair;
"You von demperance crank?" den oh! how he schwear!
And I dells him, "Yes dwo cranks, but schust you look here,
I shall dake no more visky, or prandy, or peer."
Den he say dot te peer is no hurt, it neffer hurt him.
Den I say, "How you got dot plack eye, dell me dot, vill you, Jim?"
Den says he, "From te cellar vay down to the garret I fall,
And shtuck a knot-hole in mine eye on te vall."
Den I dells him, if I always demperance schtay,
No knot-holes I gets in mine eyes in dot vay.
Now, I dells you, mine freint, I vas petter man now,

And I gets in no troubles from any big row;
And Katrina, she say, how much petter I looks,
And I has so much time for te reading coot books,
And te money I safes makes de home look so neat,
And Katrina, so schmiling, so happy, and schweet.
Ven a man schmokes and trinks he gets noddings to be
But a parrel on legs and a schmoke-schtack, ye see,
So I quits the pipe, too, for I'm schure 'tis no schoke,
In effery man's face to be puffing te schmoke.
"I's a probibition crank, droo and droo, did ye say?"
Vell, dot crank is a crank you can turn but one way;
And so schure as Ben Schneider's my name, I shall try
To make dis land safe for mine Fritz, py-and-py;
For if from te peer I can't make him to schtay,
I vill fote for te peer to be out of his vay.
So von prohibition crank you may effer me call,
I shall fote to save Fritz, sir, now dot is shust all;
For a parrel of peer I muscht neffer him see,
Mit a schmoke-schtack on top, were the prains ought to be.

VIRA HOPKINS.

JIMMIE'S PRAYER.

DEAR DOD, pwease to bwess my mamma,
Betause she's so pretty and dood.
She never stops loving me all the day long,
Though sometimes I'm naughty end wude.
But Dod, if you'll dive me a new little heart,
I'll begin all again—I'll take a fwesh start.

Pwease don't let my papa fordet
The wagon he promised to bring,
And I'll kiss him and be des as dood as I tan,
And let Nellie have the first swing.
And I'll twy vewry hard to bwess cousin Ned,
Though he hurt me so awful right here on my head.

And bwess my dear Carlo, who keeps
The naughty bad men all away,
And Kitty, and all of the dear little chicks
That ate froo their egg-shells to-day.
And Ned—but I'm 'fwaid I'm not dood enough yet
To bwess him—O Dod! it's so hard to fordet.

And pwease let the angels send down
Pretty dweams all froo the long night.
I don't like to dweam of ugly black wolves,
But of flowers and birdies and light;
And I fink that whenever my own mamma dear
Comes to kiss me, the angels are then very near.

And, Dod, will you make my pinks grow
A little bit faster than Lute's?
I'm not so bad now, but she bwagged so, that once
I pulled hers all up by the woots.
And bwess—but, dear Dod, I'm so sleepy, my head
Does ache—and to-morrow I'll pway for poor Ned.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

THE "OLE MARSTER'S" CHRISTMAS.

"YER axes me what dis heah is, sah?
Well hits nuffin', sah, but jes'er coat—
Jes' one ob dese long, gray, ulsty kin',
Whar buttons close up on de th'oat.
I got hit ter fit on er fren', sah,
An' I'se gwine an' wid my own han'
Ter wrap hit eroun' de bes' hart, sah,
Dat is beatin' ter-day in dis lan'!

"No, taint fer nobody whar's kin ter me—
'Cept dis, sah, dat in dem ole days
'Fore de wah, an' 'fore freedum cum in, sah,
He wuz den my 'Ole Marster' always.
He wuz kin' an' ez jest ez er judge, sah,
An' always done right by us all,
An' he nebber forgot w'en 'twuz Christmas
Ter hab suthin' in han' fer us all!

"But de wah an' destruckshin cum on him
An' he loss all he had in de lan',
An' feebled, an' fren'less an' weak, sah,
Had ter lib by de wuck ob his han'.
I tell yer de fite's bin er hard 'un—
Dis keepin' de wolf from de do',
An' off'en he'z sed he'd gib up, sah,
An' not try ter fite enny mo'!

"But I'd brace him up, sorter-like, sayin',
'Dar's better times cumin ahead—
Jes' keep on er peggin' and prayin',
An' nebber say die till yer dead!'

An' so he'd keep tryin' an' tryin',
But he coodn't keep up a strong lick,
An' at las' had ter gib up his weepon',
An' lay down like a little chile, sick.

"Den we dun de bes' wuck in de wull', sah,
Ter bring him ag'in ter hisse'f,
Ter keep his po' body awhile heah,
An' keep in hit hiz flickerin' bref;
But I seed him dis mawin' so poly,
So thin an' so pale, an' so bar',
Dat I jes' tuck er holt on my hart-strings,
An' played 'em fer all dat wuz dar!

"So I'se tuck all de munny I'd laid up
Fer ter buy me my own Christmus gif',
An' boughten dis coat, good an' warm, sah,
Fer ter gib my 'Ole Marster' a lif'!
I know he'll be glad wid de cumfurt
Hit'll bring to his weakly ole frame;
While me?—I kin skirmish eroun' heah
An' feel happy an' rich jes' de same!"

So went the old man on his mission,
As happy as ever a king,
His heart beating holier music
Than ever a mortal can sing.
And though others may think that a darkey
Has never the gift of a soul,
He's got something will pass for its equal
When Heaven shall call its last roll!

SAM W. SMALL.

DIFFIDENCE.

"I'M afther axin', Biddy, my dear"—
And here he paused awhile—
To fringe the words the merest mite,
With something of a smile—
A smile that found its image
In a face of beauteous mold,
Whose liquid eyes were peeping
From a broidery of gold.

"I've come to ax ye, Biddy, dear,
If—" then he stopped again,
As if his heart had bubbled o'er
And overflowed his brain;
His lips were twitching nervously
O'er what they had to tell,
And timed their quivers with the eyes
That gently rose and fell.

"I've come—" and then he shook her hands,
And held them in his own—
"To ax—" and then he watched the buds
That on her cheeks had blown.
"Me purty dear—" and then he heard
The throbbing of her heart,
That told him love had entered in
And claimed its every part.

"Och! don't be tazin' me," said she,
With just the faintest sigh,
"I've sinse enough to see you've come,
But what's the rayson why?"

"To ax—" and once again the tongue
Forbade its sweets to tell—
"To ax—if Mrs. Mulligan
Has any pigs to sell?"

MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

EL DORADO, 1851.

I'VE just bin down ter Thompson's, boys,
'N feelin' kind o' blue,
I thought I'd look in at "The Ranch,"
Ter find out what wuz new;
When I seed this sign a-hangin'
On a shanty by the lake:
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

I've seen a grizzly show his teeth,
I've seen Kentucky Pete
Draw out his shooter, 'n advise
A "tender-foot" ter treat;
But nuthin' ever tuk me down,
'N made my benders shake,
Like that sign about the doughnuts
That my mother used ter make.

A sort o' mist shut out the ranch,
'N standin' thar instead,
I seen an old, white farm-house,
With its doors all painted red.

A whiff came through the open door—
  Wuz I sleepin' or awake?
The smell wuz that of doughnuts
  Like my mother used ter make.

The bees wuz hummin' round the porch,
  Whar honeysuckles grew;
A yellow dish of apple-sass
  Wuz settin' thar in view.
'N on the table, by the stove,
  An old-time "Johnny-cake,"
'N a platter full of doughnuts
  Like my mother used ter make.

A patient form I seemed ter see,
  In tidy dress of black,
I almost thought I heard the words,
  "When will my boy come back?"
'N then—the old sign creaked:
  But now it was the boss who spake:
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
  Like yer mother used ter make."

Well, boys, that kind o' broke me up,
  'N ez I've "struck pay gravel,"
I ruther think I'll pack my kit,
  Vamose the ranch, 'n travel.
I'll make the old folks jubilant,
  'N if I don't mistake,
I'll try some o' them doughnuts
  Like my mother used ter make.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

THE WAKE OF TIM O'HARA.

TO the wake of O'Hara
Came companie;
All St. Patrick's Alley
Was there to see,
With the friends and kinsmen
Of the family.
On the old deal table Tim lay in white,
And at his pillow the burning light;
While, pale as himself, with the tear on her cheek,
The mother received us—too full to speak.
But she heap'd the fire, and, with never a word,
Set the black bottle upon the board,
While the company gathered, one and all,
Men and women, big and small—
Not one in the alley but felt a call
To the wake of Tim O'Hara.

At the face of O'Hara,
All white with sleep,
Not one of the women
But took a peep,
And the wives new wedded
Began to weep.
The mothers clustered around about,
And praised the linen and laying out,
For white as snow was his winding-sheet,
And all looked peaceful, and clean, and sweet;
The old wives, praising the blessed dead,
Clustered thick round the old press-bed,
Where O'Hara's widow, tattered and torn,

Held to her bosom the babe new-born,
And stared all round her, with eyes forlorn,
At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

For the heart of O'Hara
Was true as gold,
And the life of O'Hara
Was bright and bold,
And his smile was precious
To young and old.
Gay as a guinea, wet or dry,
With a smiling mouth and a twinkling eye!
Had ever an answer for chaff or fun,
Would fight like a lion with any one!
Not a neighbor of any trade
But knew some joke that the boy had made!
Not a neighbor, dull or bright,
But minded something, frolic or fight,
And whispered it round the fire that night,
At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

"To God be glory
In death and life!
He's taken O'Hara
From trouble and strife,"
Said one-eyed Biddy,
The apple-wife.
"God bless old Ireland!" said Mistress Hart,
Mother of Mike, of the donkey-cart:
"God bless old Ireland till all be done!
She never made wake for a better son!"
And all joined chorus, and each one said
Something kind of the boy that was dead.

The bottle went round from lip to lip,
And the weeping widow, for fellowship,
Took the glass of old Biddy, and had a sip,
At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

Then we drank to O'Hara
With drams to the brim,
While the face of O'Hara
Looked on so grim,
In the corpse-light shining
Yellow and dim.
The drink went round again and again;
The talk grew louder at every drain;
Louder the tongues of the women grew,
The tongues of the boys were loosing too!
But the widow her weary eyelids closed,
And, soothed by the drop of drink, she dozed;
The mother brightened and laughed to hear
Of O'Hara's fight with the grenadier,
And the hearts of us all took better cheer,
At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

Tho' the face of O'Hara
Looked on so wan,
In the chimney corner
The row began;
Lame Tony was in it,
The oyster-man.
For a dirty low thief from the North came near
And whistled "Boyne Water" in his ear,
And Tony, with never a word of grace,
Hit out his fist in the blackguard's face.
Then all the women screamed out for fright;

The men that were drunkest began to fight;
Over the chairs and the tables they threw;
The corpse-light tumbled, the trouble grew;
The new-born joined in the hullabaloo,
At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

"Be still! Be silent!
Ye do a sin!
Shame be his portion
Who dares begin!"
'Twas Father O'Connor
Just entered in;
And all looked shamed, and the row was done;
Sorry and sheepish looked every one;
But the priest just smiled quite easy and free—
"Would you wake the poor boy from his sleep?" said he.
And he said a prayer, with a shining face,
Till a kind of a brightness filled the place;
The women lit up the dim corpse-light,
The men were quieter at the sight;
And the peace of the Lord fell on all that night,
At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

GRANDFATHER'S ROSE.

DOES yo' see dem yaller roses clingin' to de cabin wall,
Whar de bright sunshine twinkle all de day?
I's got a yaller rose dat's sweeter dan dem all,
An' I's gwine to gib my yaller rose away—

Dat pesky dandy Jim, wid his button-hole bouquet,
He knows I's gwine to gib my rose, my yaller rose, away.

O my yaller rose! it growed close to de cabin flo',
And its mammy lef' it 'fore it 'gun to climb,
But it run kind o' wild in an' out de cottage do',
An' it got roun' de ole man ebery time—
I's mighty loth to do it, but I hasn't long to stay—
So I's gwine to gib my wild rose, my yaller rose, away.

Now, dandy Jim's de parson's son—dey growed up side by side,
My yaller rose an' dat ar harnsome boy,
Sense she's a leetle creepsy ting, dat Jim has been her pride;
But now an' den she grows a little coy—
But I spec's it's 'cause I tole her—'twas on'y t'other day—
Dat Jim had got his cabin done, an' I was gwine away.

She put dem little han's in mine, her head upon my breas',
An' dar she seemed to sort o' sob an' sigh.
I couldn't tell de matter, but it wasn't hard to guess
Dat she moaning 'cause de ole man gwine to die;
So I coax my pretty wild rose with kisses, and I say,
"De ole man gwine to lib, perhaps, dese many an many a day."

O boys! I didn't hab a t'ought dat bressed nead would lay
On any oder breas' but Jim's an' mine;
I t'ought dat I could hold her, to keep or gib away,
But she gone to make some oder garding shine:

Her ma got tired o' waitin', maybe, lonesome, so to say,
So she axed de King ob de garding to take my rose away.

Dear lamb! she sleeping sof'ly, widout a tear or sigh,
Wid de wild flowers on her little cabin bed,
An' we's a-settin' side ob her, poor dandy Jim an' I,
An' a-wailin' an' a-wishin' we was dead.
I'd a-g'in my life for her an' Jim, why couldn't He let her stay?
I's old an' withered, de Marster knows, but He took my rose away.

I's berry lonesome, an' so is Jim—he's often ober, now,
An' dem honeysuckle faded long ago;
When de sun shines in de cabin, or it's time to milk de cow,
I kin seem to hear her foot upon de flo';
O my wild rose! my yaller rose! it's mighty hard to stay;
It seems as if de Lord forgit when He took my rose away.

MARY A. DENISON.

AN EXAMINATION IN HISTORY.

"YOU say," I remarked to the old negro who drove the hack, "that you were General Washington's body servant?"

"Dat's so! Dat's jus' so, massa. I done waited on Washington since he was so high—no bigger's a small chile."

"You know the story, then, about the cherry-tree and hatchet."

"Know it? Why, I was dar on de spot. I seen Massa Gawge climb de tree after de cherries, and I seen him fling de hatchet at de boys who was stonin' him. I done chase dem boys off de place myself."

"Do you remember his appearance as a man—what he looked like?"

"Yes, indeed. He was a kinder short, chunky man, sorter fat and hearty-lookin'. He had chin whiskers and moustache and spectacles. Mos' generally wore a high hat; but I seed him in a fur cap wid ear warmers."

"You were not with him, of course, when he crossed the Delaware—when he went across the Delaware River?"

"Wid him? Yes, sar, I was right dar; I was not mor'n two feet off'n him as he druv across de bridge in his buggy. Dat's a fac'. I walked 'long side of the off-hand hind wheel of dat buggy all de way."

"You know all the General's relations, too, I suppose?—Martin Luther, and Peter the Hermit and the rest?"

"Know'd 'em all. Many and many's de time I don waited on de table when Massa Gawge had 'em to dinner. I remember dem two gemmen jes's well's if I'd seed 'um yesterday. Yes, sah; an' I druv 'em out often."

ANON.

TOMMY'S TWIALS.

I FINT 'at 'is worl' is too bad for nuffin',
An' lickle fotes dust dits aboosed!
For dust ev'ry day I dits hurt wiv suffin',
An' bid fotes 'ey dust loots amoosed!

My mamma s'e says I has a bad temper,
S'e fints at I dot it from pa!
My papa he laughs an' says it's twite likely,
As none has been lost by my ma!

To bid fotes like oo I s'pose it loots funny
When the babies 'ey chote up an' toff,
But I'd lite to see if oo would n't hollor
If oo'd burned oor mouf a'most off!

It's all velly well to twy to play sorwy,
And say "poor, dear darlin', don't ky!"
Oo fint 'at we child'ens don't has any twoubles,
I know by 'e loot in oor eye!

I wiss dust a minute 'at oo was a baby,
I don't fint oo'd laugh so muts 'en;
Oo'd say lickle fotes has offul bid twials
'At never was dweamed of by men.

"BOOK LARNIN'."

BOOK larnin' is a daisy thing for the chap what's got the brains
An' common sense to know it, but it isn't worth the pains
An' chink an' time it takes to get it, if a man don't know the way
To keep it in its proper place, an' use it where it'll pay.

My brother had a youngster as wuz allus goin' to school;

He went clear through the college an' come out a regular fool.
He could reel off furin' languages an' talk uv lands an' law,
But when it come to workin' he wuzn't worth a straw.

He got an idy in his hed that work was a disgrace;
The law, he sed, was his perfes, so he ups an' gets a place
In a city lawyer's office, an' began his legal course,
That landed him in jest one year within his father's doors.

He's livin' with his father now, and the time an' money spent
Fer to git his education hasn't panned out worth a cent.
It was castin' on the waters bread that's never yet returned,
For there's nary a single blessin' come from all that stuff he learned.

But not a spec of larnin' had his younger brother, Bill,
'Cept a term or so one winter at the school-house on the hill;
An' he's worth about a dozen of his wuthless brother's make,
Fer he's jest chuck full of common sense, an' that's what takes the cake.
Now ef Bill hed had the larnin' as wuz in his brother's pate,
He'd been a man uv power—maybe Guvner of the State.

But in spite uv all his ignorance he made a good success,
An' he's got the finest farm in all the county, too, I guess.

My idy is that ef a boy haint got no common sense,
An' only 'nuff' git up about him fer to set round on the fence,
It aint no use to send him off to take a college course,
Fer it jest can't make him better, an' it's bound to make him worse.

M. H. Turk.

SIMON'S WIFE'S MOTHER LAY SICK OF A FEVER.

VELL, von morning I says to Hans (Hans vos mein husband):—"Hans, I tinks I goes down to New York, und see some sights in dot village."

Und Hans he say: "Vell, Katrina, you vork hard pooty mooch, I tinks it vould petter be dot you goes und rest yourself some." So I gets meinself ready righd avay quick, und in two days I vos de shteam cars on vistling avay for New York.

Vell, ven I got dere, dot vas Saturday mit de afternoon. I vas tired mit dot day's travel und I goes me pooty quick to bed, und ven I vakes in de morning de sun was high oup in de shky. But I gets me oup und puts on mein new silk vrock und tinks me I shall go to some fine churches und hear ein grosse breacher. Der pells vas ringing so schveet I dinks I nefer pefore hear such music. Ven I got de shtreet on de beobles vos all going quiet und nice to dere blaces

mit vurship, und I makes oup my mind to go in von of dem churches so soon as von comes along. Pooty soon I comes to de von mit ein shteeples high oup in de shky und I goes in mit de beoples und sits me down on ein seat all covered mit a little mattress. De big organ vas blaying so soft it seemed likes as if some angels must be dere to make dot music.

Pooty soon de breacher man shtood in de bulbit oup und read de hymn oudt, und all de beoples sing until de church vos filled mit de shveetness. Den de breacher man pray, und read de Pible, und den he say dot de bulbit would be occupied by de Rev. Villiam R. Shtover mit Leavenworth, Kansas.

Den dot man gommences to breach und he read mit his dext, "Und Simon's vife's mudder lay sick mit a fever." He talks for so mooch as ein half hour already ven de beobles sings again und goes home. I tells mein brudder-mit-law it vos so nice I tinks me I goes again mit some oder churches. So vot you tinks? I goes mit anoder churches dot afternoon und dot same Villiam R. Shtover vos dere und breach dot same sermon ofer again mit dot same dext, "Und Simon's vife's mudder lay sick mit a fever." I tinks to my ownself—dot vos too bad, und I goes home und dells Yawcup, und he says, "Nefer mind, Katrina, to-night ve goes somevhere else to churches." So ven de night vas come und de lamps vos all lighted mit de shtreets, me und mein brudder-mit-law, ve goes over to dot Brooklyn town to hear dot Heinrich Vard Peecher.

My, but dot vos ein grosse church, and so many beobles vas dere, ve vas crowded mit de vall back. Ven de singing vas all done, a man vot vas sitting mit a leetle chair got oup und say dot de Rev. Heinrich Vard

Peecher vas to de Vite Mountains gone mit dot hay fever, but dot the bulbit vould be occupied on this occasion by de Rev. Villiam R. Shtover mit Leavenworth, Kansas. Und dot Villiam R. Shtover he gots mit dot bulbits oup und breaches dot same sermon mit dot same text, "Und Simon's vife's mudder lay sick mit a fever."

Dot vos too bad again und I gets mad. I vos so mad I vis dot he got dot fever himself.

Vell, ven dot man vas troo Yawcup says to me: "Come, Katrina, ve'll go down to dot ferry und take de boat vot goes to New York!" Ven ve vas on dot boat de fog vas so tick dot you couldn't see your hands pehind your pack. De vistles vas plowing, und dem bells vos ringing, und von man shtepped up mit Yawcup und say: "Vot vor dem pells pe ringing so mooch?"

Und ven I looked around dere shtood dot Villiam R. Shtover mit Leavenworth, Kansas—und I said pooty quick: "Vot vor dem pells vas ringing? Vy, for Simon's vife's mudder, vot must de died, for I hear dree times to-day already dot she vos sick mit ein fever."

SABLE THEOLOGY.

I'SE gwine dis ebenin' fo' ter preach ob dose infernal vandals
What gits dar pleasure by dar tongues, a-circulatin scandals.
Ef dar's a mixture anywhar ob giddy goose an' gandah,
It am dat low-down culled coon what poisons us wiv slandah;
A-pokin' out his forky tongue in eberybody's faces,
And settin' all de married folks ter kickin' in de traces.

De debbil nebah want a tool while sech pooah trash am
libin';
Dey's allus creepin' fru de streets a-fussin' and a-fibbin';
'Bout everybody dat dey kin, dar busy tongue's
a-waggin',
A-puttin' neighbahs by de ear, a-bouncin' and a-brag-
gin',
Till ebery Christian goin' wild an' ebery sinnah cussin':
Most eberybody's teeth on edge an' ebery fool a-fussin'.

Dar's some ob dem right in dis chu'ch purtend ter serve
de Mastah,
An' actin' all de week jess like de debbel's mustard
plastah
Ter draw de ugliness an' sech right out ob each pooah
sinnah,
An' servin' little slips an' sins ter make a gossip's
dinnah;
No man so pious or so pooah but what dar pryin'
reaches,
Ter suck his repertation dry, jess like a lot ob leeches.

Dey's all sech cowards dat it aint no use fur yo' ter
battle,
Yo' only nasties up yo'self by techin' such pooah
cattle;
An' when yo' cotch dar slandah foul, dey'll go fur to
denyin',
A-puttin' it on some one e'se, a-wrigglin' an' a-lyin',
Ontil yo' feels like yo' war tryin' ter fix a lot ob lizzards,
Wivout one grain of soul or heart, but only gills an'
gizzards

Dar lyin' am an empty sham ; a-groanin' an' repinin',
An' sickenin' all de honest folks wiv grimacin' an' whinin'.
Dey's allus talkin' 'bout dar wirk, dar doin's an' dar duty,
When dey has nuffin' wuf de name ob usefulness or beauty ;
No meaner creeters eber libed, a-dodgin' an' a-doin'
Ter set dar traps fo' people's ears an' run dem inter ruin.

Dey comes ter meetin' right along, prays loud an' holler glory,
Den off dey goes to 'sult de Lord wiv some malicious story ;
A-tellin' suffin' 'bout some man doin' what he hadn't oughter,
Dat Deekin Pubbins stole a duck or kissed ole Grubbins' daughter ;
An' den dey'll groan an' wriggle so as tho' dey hab de colic,
Bekase dey's so much obercome by some one else's frolic.

My fren's, jess leave sech trash alone ; don't handle sech a creachah ;
Yo' knows dey's talked long time 'fore now about yo' own deah preachah ;
Jess stick to what yo' knows am true—yo' 'ligion an' yo' labahs—
An' trample on dese reptile trash what scandalize yo' neighbahs.
Gib ebery man his hones' due, speak out to ebery sinnah,
But don't roll scandal on yo' tongues—it makes a dirty dinnah.

If charity begins at home, dar needn't be its endin';
Don't pick at ebery little hole, but set yo'selves to mendin';
Den yo' will imitate de wirk an' sperit ob de Saviah,
An' stead ob firin' up a fuss, mend somebody's behaviah.

IEDGARJ.

THE LIGHT FROM OVER THE RANGE.

"D'YE see it, pard?"

"See what, Rough?"

"The light from over the Range."

"Not a bit, Rough. It's not daybreak yet. Yer sick, an' yer head bothers ye."

"Pard, yer off. I've been sick, but I'm well again. It's not dark like it was. The light's a comin'—comin' like the boyhood days that crep' inter the winders of the old home."

"Ye've been dreamin', Rough. The fever haint all outen your head yet."

"Dreamin'? 'Twant all dreams. It's the light comin', pard, I see 'em all plain. Thar's the ole man lookin' white an' awful, just as he looked the morning he drove me from home; and that woman behind him stretchin' out her arms arter me is the best mother in the world. Don't you see 'em, pard?"

"Yer flighty, Rough. It's all dark, 'cepting a pine knot flickerin' in the ashes."

"No—the light's a comin' brighter and brighter! Look! It's beamin' over the Range bright and gentle, like the smile that used to be over me when my head laid in my mother's lap, long ago."

"Hyar's a little brandy, Rough. Thar; I seen it though my eyes are dim—somehow—hyar, Rough."

"Never, pard. That stuff spiled the best years of my life—it sha'n't spile my dreams of 'em. Oh! sich dreams, pard. They take me to the old home again. I see the white house 'mong the trees. I smell the breath of the apple-blossoms, an' hear the birds singin' an' the bees hummin' an' the ole plow songs echoin' over the leetle valley. I see the river windin' through the willers an' sycamores, an' the dear ole hills all around pintin' up to heaven like the spires of big meetin houses. Thar's the ole rock we called the tea-table. I climb up on it an' play a happy boy agin. Oh! if I'd only stayed thar, pard."

"Don't Rough; ye thaw me all out, talkin' that. It makes me womanish."

"That's it, pard, we've kep' our hearts froze so long we want it allus winter. But the summer comes back with all the light from over the Range. How bright it is, pard. Look! How it floods the cabin till the knots an' cobwebs are plainer than day."

"Suthin's wrong, Rough. It's all dark, 'cept only that pine knot in the chimbly."

"No, it's all right, pard. The light's come over the Range. I kin see better'n ever I could. Kin see the moisture in yer eyes, pard, an' see the crooked path I've come, runnin' clean back to my mother's knee. I wasn't allus called Rough. Somebody used to kiss me an' call me her boy—nobody'll ever know I've kep' it till the end."

"I hev wanted to ax ye, mate, why ye never had any name but jist Rough?"

'Pard—it's gettin' dark—my name? I've never

heard it since I left home. I buried it thar in the little churchyard, whar mother's waitin' for the boy that never come back. I can't tell it, pard—in my kit you'll find a package done up. Thar's two picters in it of two faces that's been hoverin' over me since I took down. You'll find my name thar, pard—thar with hers and mother's."

"Hers? Will I ever see her, Rough?"

"Not till you see her by the light that comes from over the Range to us all. Pard, it's gettin' dark—dark and close—darker than it ever seemed to me afore—"

"Rough, what's the matter? Speak to me, mate. Can't I do nuthin' fer ye?"

"Yes—pard. Can't ye—say—suthin'?"

"What d'ye mean, Rough? I'll say anything to please ye."

"Say—a—pra'r, pard."

"A pra'r? Rough, d'ye mean it?"

"Yes, a pra'r, pard. It's the—last thing Rough'll ever—ax of ye."

"It's hard to do, Rough. I don't know a pra'r."

"Think back, pard. Didn't yer mother—teach ye—suthin'? One that begins—'Our Father'—an' then—somehow—says—'forgive us'—"

"Don't, Rough, ye break me all up—"

"The light's a fadin'—on the golden hills—an' the—night is comin'—out of the canyuns—pard. Be quick—ye'll try, pard. Say suthin'—fer Rough."

"I—Rough—Our Father forgive us. Don't be hard on Rough. We're a tough lot. We've forgot Ye, but we haint all bad. 'Cause we haint forgot the old home. Forgive us—be—easy on Rough—Thy will be done."

"It's comin' agin—pard. The light's—comin'—over the Range—"

"Have mercy on—us, an'—an'—an'—settle with us 'cordin' to—to the surroundin's of our lives. Thy—Thy kingdom come—"

"Go on, pard. It's comin'."

"Now—I lay me down to sleep."

"That's—good—mother said that—"

"Hallowed be Thy name—pray—the Lord his soul to keep."

"That's good—pard. It's all glory—comin' over—the Range—mother's face—her—face—"

"Thine is the glory, we ask—for Jesus' sake—Amen."

"Pard—"

"What, Rough? I'm all unstrung. I—"

"Fare—"

"Rough! Yer worse! What, dead?"

Yes, the wanderings were over. Ended with a prayer, rough and sincere, like the heart that had ceased to throb—a prayer and a few real tears, even in that lone cabin in the canyon; truer than many a death scene knows, although a nation does honor to the dying; a prayer that pleased Him better than many a prayer of the schools and creeds. A rough but gentle hand closed the eyes. The first rays of the morning sun broke through a crevice in the little cabin and hung like his mother's smile over the couch of the sleeping boy. Only one mourner watched with Rough as he waited for the new name which will be given to us all, when that light comes to the world from over the Range.

"TEAMSTER JIM."

IT aint jest the story, parson, to tell in a crowd like this,
Weth the virtuous matron a-frownin' an' chidin' the gigglin' miss,
An' the good old deacon a noddin' in time with his patient snores,
An' the shocked aleet of the capital, stalkin' away through the doors.

But then, it's a story that happened, an' every word of it's true,
An' sometimes we can't help talkin' of the things that we sometimes do.
An' though good society coldly shets its doors onto "Teamster Jim,"
I'm thinkin' ther's lots worse people thet's better known than him.

I mind the day he was married, an' I danced at the weddin', too;
An' I kissed the bride, sweet Maggie—daughter of Ben McGrew.
I mind how they set up housekeepin', two young, poor, happy fools;
When Jim's only stock was a heavy truck an' four Kaintucky mules.

Well, they lived along contented, weth their little joys an' cares,
An' every year a baby come, an' twice they come in pairs;

Till the house was full of children, weth their shoutin'
an' playin' an' squalls.
An' their singin' an' laughin' an' cryin' made Bedlam
within its walls.

An' Jim he seemed to like it, an' he spent all his even-
in's at home.
He said it was full of music an' light, an' peace from
pit to dome.
He joined the church, an' he used to pray that his heart
might be kept from sin—
The stumblin'est prayer—but heads an' hearts used to
bow when he'd begin.

So, they lived along in that way, the same from day to
day,
With plenty of time for drivin' work, and a little time
for play.
An' growin' around 'em the sweetest girls and the live-
liest, manliest boys,
Till the old gray heads of the two old folks was crowned
with the homeliest joys.

Eh? Come to my story? Well, that's all. They're
livin' just like I said,
Only two of the girls is married, an' one of the boys is
dead.
An' they're honest an' decent an' happy, an' the very
best Christians, I know,
Though I reckon in brilliant compn'y they'd be voted a
leetle slow.

Oh! you're pressed for time—excuse you? Sure, I'm
sorry I kept you so long;

Good-bye. Now he looked kind o' bored-like, an' I
reckon that I was wrong
To tell such a commonplace story of two sech common-
place lives,
But we can't all git drunk an' gamble an' fight, an' run
off with other men's wives.

R. J. BURDETTE.

THE MUSIC OF THE PAST.

HARDLY ever that a body
Hears the old tunes any more;
But a trampin' fiddler played 'em
T'other evenin' at the store.

An' the music, as he played it,
Kind o' seemed like ev'ry note
Only kept the lump a-growin'
That it started in my throat.

An' as I sat a-listenen'
To them tunes I used to know,
All the past riz up before me
Like a magic-lantern show.

Thirty years or more was taken
From the tally-sheet o' life;
Thirty years o' work an' worry,
Disa'pintment, care, and strife.

An' a voice that now is silent
Promised me in lovin' tone,
An' a hand that now is pulseless
Lay contented in my own.

While the faces that hev vanished,
An' the feet that now are still,
Was a-smilin' an' a-dancin'
In that cabin on the hill,

But the player stopt a-playin',
An' the pictur soon was gone,
An' I shouldered up the burden
That ole Time keeps pilin' on.

Still, I couldn't help but scatter
'Mong the dust o' all these years,
As a kind o' good-bye offerin',
Just a few regretful tears.

ANON.

SCHNEIDER'S TOMATOES.

SCHNEIDER is very fond of tomatoes. Schneider has a friend in the country who raises "garden sass and sich." Schneider had an invitation to visit his friend last week, and regale himself on his favorite vegetable. His friend Pfeiffer being busy negotiating with a city produce dealer on his arrival, Schneider thought he would take a stroll in the garden and see some of his favorites in their pristine beauty. We will let him tell the rest of the story in his own language.

"Vell, I valks shust a liddle vhile roundt, when I sees some of dose dermaters vot vos so red und nice as I nefer dit see any more, und I dinks I vill put mineself outside about a gauple-a-tozen, shust to geef me a liddle abbedide vor dinner. So I pulls off von ov der reddest und pest lookin' of dose dermaters, und dakes a

pooty good bite out of dot, und vas chewing it oup pooty quick, ven—by chiminy!—I dort I had a peese ov red-hot coals in mine mout, or vas chewing oup dwo or dree bapers of needles; und I velt so pad already, dot mine eyes vas vool of tears, und I mate vor an 'olt oken bucket' vot I seen hanging in der vell, as I vas goomin' along.

"Shust den mine vriend Pfeiffer game oup und ask me vot mate me veel so pad, und if any of mine vamily vas dead. I dold him dot I vos der only von ov der vamily dot vas pooty sick, und den I ask him vot kind of dermaters dose vas vot I hat shust been bicking; unt, mine cracious, how dot landsman laughft, und said dot dose vas red beppers dot he vas raising vor bepper-sauce. You pet my life I vas mat. I radder you give me feefty tollars as to eat some more of dose bepper-sauce dermaters."

CHAS. F. ADAMS.

BONNIE SWEET JESSIE.

OH! come, let us wander alone i' the gloamin',
Awa, whare nae ither our pleasure may see,
Nae hour is so happy as that when I'm roamin'
Adown the green valley, my Jessie, wi' thee.
'Tis then we forget the dull cares that annoy us,
Then nane but sweet thochts and bright fancies employ us,
And life seems sae blithesome, sae merry and joyous,
My bonnie sweet Jessie, to you and to me.

Beyond the far peaks o' Ben Lomond descending,
The sun seeks repose i' the realms o' the west;

The day and the night i' safe twilight are blending,
And nature sinks slowly to silence and rest.
See, yonder the lark and the swift-flying plover
Are speeding awa to the hawthornes' dark cover.
Then, tenderly clasped i' the arms of thy lover,
Recline, my sweet Jessie, thy head on my breast.

The sunlight has fled frae the tops o' the mountains,
The night spreads its curtain o'er land and o'er sea,
The stars light the clear crystal depths o' the fountains,
And shed their soft radiance o'er moorland and lea.
The night wind the branches above us is wooing,
And nature our souls with new love is imbuing,
As o'er thee I bend, the sweet pledges renewing,
That bind me forever, sweet Jessie, to thee.

A TRAMP'S PHILOSOPHY.

I'VE been 'round this country from Texas to Maine,
And mostly with nary a red;
I've walked it for miles in the wettest of rain,
And slept on a board for a bed.
But I've learnt a few comfortin' facts by the way,
While living this queer life of mine,
And the principal one of the lot, let me say,
Is "it's better to whistle than whine."

I know that the winter's a-comin' on fast;
I'm aware that a home I aint got;
I see that the clothes I'm a-wearing won't last
Till I reach a more torrider spot.

But nobody yet has discovered in me
Anxiety's tiniest sign ;
And it's jest 'cause I learnt in my youth, don't you see,
That "it's better to whistle than whine."

It strikes me somehow that it's mighty blamed queer
That fellers much wiser than me
Keep kickin' because this terrestrial sphere
Aint jest what they want it to be.
Their parents have filled them with Latin and Greek,
But their logic aint equal to mine,
Or else they would know every day in the week
That "it's better to whistle than whine."

MERCHANT TRAVELER.

APPLES.

A NEGRO LECTURE.

"A little more cider do."

BREDDERN AN' SISTERN:

I'se gwine to gib you what I hope will prove to you a fruitful discoarse—de subject am dat ob apples. Dem ob my hearers dat only look upon de apple wid an eye to apple sass, apple fritters, apple pies, apple dumplins, an' apple toddies, will hardly be able to comprestand de apple-cation ob my lectar—to dem I leab de peelins, an' direct de seeds of my discoarse to such as hab souls above apple dumplins an' taste above apple tarts.

Now de apple, accordin' to Linnæous, the Phileabotanist, am a Fruit originally exported from Adam's

apple-orchard in de Garden ob Eden, an' made indiggenous in ebry climate 'cept de north pole an' its neighboren territory de Rolly bolly alis.

De apple, accordin' to those renowned Lexumcographers, Samuel Johnson, Danuel Webster, an' Dr. Skeleton McKensie, am de py-rus molus, which means "To be molded into pies."

Well, you all know dat de apple tree was de sacred vegetable ob de Garden ob Eden till de sly an' insinuvatin' sea-sarpent crawled out ob de river on Friday mornen, bit off an apple, made "apple-jack," handed de jug to Eve, she took a sip, den handed it to Adam—Adam took anoder, by which bofe got topseycated an' fell down de hill ob Paradise, an' in consequence darof de whole woman race an' human race fell down casmash, like speckled apples from a tree in a stormado. Oh! what a fall was dar, my hearers, when you an' me, an' I, an' all drapt down togedder, an' de sarpent flapped his forked tongue in fatissaction.

But arter all, my hearers, dat terrible fall was not de fault of de fruit ob de apple, but de abuse ob it; for de apple am a very great wegetable, corden as we use it or abuse it. De apple has been de fruit ob great tings, an' great tings hab been de fruit ob de apple. It was an apple dat fust suggested to Sir Humphrey Gravy Newtown de seeds ob de law ob grabitation, dat wonderful, inwisible, an' unfrizable patent leber principle by which all dem luminous an' voluminous planets turn round togedder, all apart in one E pluribus unum ob grabity; hence de great poet Longfeller, in de fifty-'leventh canto ob Lord Byron, absarves:

"Man fell by apples, an' by apples rose."

Sir Humphrey Gravy Newtown was one day snoozen fast asleep under an apple tree, when a large-sized Kentucky Pippen grabitated from de limb, struck him in de eye, an' all at once his eye was suddenly opened to de universal law ob grabitation.

> He saw the apple downwards fell,
> He thought, "Why not fall up as well?"
> It proved some telegraphic spell
> Pulled it arthwise.
> I wish he'd now come back an' tell
> Why apples rise

so high to a half peck in de bushel.

But, my hearers, to come to de grand point ob my larned disquisition on apples. Reasoning ap-priori, I proceed to dis grand fromologico-physiological phreepomenon, dat eber since our great-grand-modder Eve nd our great-great-grand-fader Adam fust tasted apple- and in de orchard ob Eden, de entire human race, an' jack'n race in particlar, has been impregnated wid de wome ob de apple, an' dat all men an' women, an' de spirio ob mankind, may be compared to some Genus of de rest e. Dars de Philantropist, he's a good meller pippen applways ripe an' full ob de seeds ob human kindness. —ars de Miser, he's de "grindstone" apple—rock to de Dacy core. Dars de Batchelor, he am a rusty coat, an' like ve beefsteak widout gravy—dry to de very heart. Dars a e Dandy, he's a long stim, all peelen. Dars de dFarmer, he's de cart-horse apple—a leetle rough on de peelen, but juicy wid feelen. De Fashionable gent am a French pippen, an' de fashionable young lady am de Bell-flower—an' when two sich apples am joined togedder, dey become a pear (pair). De Pollytician am a

Specked apple—little foul sometimes at de core. De young Misses am de "Maiden's Blushes." De Widder she am a Pine-apple—pine-en an' sprouten in de dark leaves to blossom once more. De good Wife she am de Balsam apple of human life, an'—an' in finis, de—de old Maid she am a crab apple—a fruit never known in de apple orchard of Paradise, an' only fit for Sourland—put her in de cider press of human affection an' she'll come out forty-'leventh proof vinegar, enough to sour all human creation—even as de loud thunder ob de hebens sours de cow-juice in de milk-house.

Lastly, and to conclude, Brederen an' Sisteren, let it be our great aim, howsomever we may differ in our various apple species, to strive to go into de great cider press of human trial widout a speck in de core or de peelen, so dat when de juice of our mortal vartues am squeezed out, de Angels when dey fust put dar lips to de cider trough, may exclaim wid de poet,

"A leetle more cider do."

UNCLE NED'S BANJO SONG.

DE cloud is scattered all away,
De stars is shinin' bright;
My heart is mighty light and gay,
I's gwine abroad to-night;
De darkies gwine to 'spec' me,
An' I knows dey'll want a song;
An' I nebber likes to fool 'em,
So I'll take de banjer 'long;

CHORUS.

For I's gwine to de shuckin',
For I's gwine to de shuckin',
For I's gwine to de shuckin' of de corn.

Oh! I'll tell 'em at de shuckin'
'Bout de little gal o' mine,
In her pretty little shanty
On de Allerbamer line;
Her eyes is like de Jack-er-lantern,
Sweet enough to kill;
An' when she starts to sing a song,
She beats de whipperwill!

An' when she hunts de hick'y nuts,
She mighty nice to see,
'Cause she beats de raccoon all to pieces
Clammin' up de tree;
Her teef does shine so mighty white
Dey sparkle in de dark,
An' dey make de sweetest music
When dey mash de scaly bark!

An' when de darkness comes at night
An' kivers up de sky,
Why, she kindles up a fire
Wid de brightness ob her eye;
Den she gadders up a pile o' wood
Fum out de cyp'us-brake,
An' gits de skillet orf de she'f
To cook de Johnny-cake!

De time is slippin' fas' away,
I see de risin' moon;

I ought to be down at de corn-'ouse
Knockin' out a chune;
So I'll git my coat fum out de chis'
An' moobe along de way;
Oh! 'twill make dem darkies happy
When dey hear de banjer play!

THE TRAPPER'S LAST TRAIL.

HYUH, Jack! ole boy, come hyer an' lay down
Close up to my breast; I feel so strange;
That arrow left such a stinging pain,
An' my sight's losin' its range.

My thoughts are scatterin' out like shot,
An' old days crowdin' in enstead;
The wind a-touchin' my forehead feels
Like my mother's hand on my head.

The deer's a-gettin' up now to browse,
For the moon's jest riz—Here, Sammy, say,
I'll make you a whistle if you don't tell
I went in swimmin' with Tom to-day!

Shs-h, Jack! they're moccasins stealin' through
The leaves—That breeze is a sign of rain—
Oh! somebody tear this off my throat!
Good-night, little sister—that pain—

* * * * * * *

Jack snuffled and sniffed the wounded breast
And uttered a pitiful wail—
The trapper had gone and left no track
For his dog to scent the trail.

MADGE MORRIS

BIDDY McGINNIS AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.

ARRAH! hould your whist now, Whinny, til I'm afther tellin' ye all about gettin' me goodlookin' pictur' tuk. Sure, an' ye see, I got a famous letther from home, axin me viry purticalar, from me father an' mother, me frinds and relashuns, me ansisters an' me gransisters, iv I was thrivin' bravely? An' how Ameriky was agreein' wid me? Yis, an' iv the blush av me cheek was as rid, an' as warrum as whin I lift the ould dart? Aye, troth, an' iv the clothes av the counthry wur becomin' to me? An' be the same token it mintion'd that all that wus livin', wur injoyin' good health. An' that Judy Milligan had sint home her pictur'; an' that all the b'ys in our parts wur nearly mad over it; 'twas so grand lookin'; an' bedad, sure they must hav' bin quare things, that wan had on the back av hur, to draw a remark from any b'y in the whole parish, whin I was there, or afore she lift home hersilf. Och! but she was th' ugly drab thin, wid her carroty head an' her turnip nose. How well, she niver mintion'd she was goin' to hav' her pictur' drawn to sind home, d'ye mind! She thought she'd intice the whole town av Mullingar quite unbeknownst to me, d'ye mind that? Bad cess to her! Arrah, d'ye ye think now, Whinny, that I'd let that wan bate or outdo me in onything? No, thin, be the powers I wuddent, unless it was quite unbeknownst to me, indade.

Says I to mesel', "Och! glory be till the whole wurreld, sure 'tis you, Miss Biddy McGinnis, cud be

sindin' home the pictur' that cud turn the b'ys' heads, an' that wud be worth lookin' at."

Sure, be the same token, there was me illegant new frock; and be the powers, 'twas med up beauti-ful, just aqual to the greatest lady's in the land; wid side plaitin's an' rufflin's on the tail av it. Yis, an' a luvly top skirt, an' it tucked back that snug now, that faix whin I do be plantin' mesel' on me sate in the kars—it does be burstin' on me a thrifle wid the tightness av it. Och! musha, an' iv ye cud only see me missus onst, cockin' her two eyes at me, an' she watchin' me from the winday whin I'm goin' out av a Sunday. Indade I think the cratur's jealous av me dacent looks. For, begorra, whin 'tis hersilf that's tightened an' pulled back, she's that thin now, ye'd think it was three slats out av the bedstid that was tied flat thegether an' was approachin' ye, drissed. 'Tis the truth I'm tellin' ye—av coorse it is. But the consait av the poor thing, now. Troth it bates Bannagher, an' Bannagher bates the whole world, ye know.

Well, alanna dear, away I wint down the street wid my frock hiked up on the wan side av me, an' the tail av it in me hand, an' I niver made a shtop until I kem to the likeness shop. An' after inquirin' a bit, I spel'd up three flights av quare, durty little stairs. An' I walked stret intil the doore av the room at the top av thim. An' there sthood a fine big man widin as smilin' as the flowers av May, resaivin' the ladies that kem in as grashus now as a king.

"What kin I be afther doin' for ye, miss?" says he to mesel as p'lite as ye plaze, an' a grate smile in the eye av him. "I know," says he, "'tis yer pictur' ye want takin'; and mebbe it's home ye'd want to be sind-

in' it to yer fellay there in ould Ireland, or some other furrin counthry," says he, spakin', och, viry respictful, but wid a knowin' wink at the same time, d'ye mind?

"Be gorra, sur," says I, "but it's good ye are at the guessin', for be me sowl an' troth that's jist what I cum for," spakin' frindly to him, for he had that civil, mild, enticin' way wid him. "An' iv ye can make a purty wan av me, I'd like to git one drawn immaijately," says I.

"A purty one?" says he, lookin' quite sharp at the head av me, an' castin' his eye ovir the driss av me. "Indade 'tis a luvly pictur' ye'll make, miss, an' 'tis proud that I am that 'tis to our place ye come to git it tuk, for there's no betther in the land av Ameriky," says he, wid a fine tass av his head, d'ye mind? "Ye'll pay for it furst," says he, "an' thin take off yer bonnit, and go intil the room beyant there an' the man inside will attind to ye."

Av coorse I did jist what he bid me, an' he passed me in wid a flurish av his hand, an' wid as much condesinshun now as a lord, an' the doore wide opin before him.

Well, Whinny, niver sich a smill I iver smilt at home or abroad as was in that room wid some haythen potacary sthuff.

"Ye'll take a pictur' av this young lady," says himself to an ouldish-lookin' chap that was standing up wid-in. An' he, the crayture, that starved-lookin' an' pale as iv he was expictin—

"Cum this way," says the ould man, an' he plantid me down in a cushi'ned chair forninst a bit av a box histid up on three legs an' wid two eye-holes in the frunt av it.

An' after pushin' it an' straightin' it to his mind,

back he cums an' tuk me be me two showlders an' twishted me round on the chair, an' thin wid me face betune his ugly-smel'in', clatty hands, an' thim, och, the color av a naygur's, he gev me head a twisht, an' howldin' it in wan hand, he clapped a grapplin'-iron til the back av me, an' fell to the shcrewin' av it wid the other hand, d'ye mind?

"What in the name av goodness are yes doin' that for?" says I, for be all that's good an' bad I was gettin' afeard av the ould skiliton. "What are ye doin' to me at all at all?" says I, quite shcared like.

"Och, be aisy, be aisy," says he, "an' kape sthill the way I'll fix ye, for I don't want the whole av yer face to appear in the pictur'," l'avin' go his clutch av me at the same time, an' before I cud hindur or prevint him, didn't he dust a lock av flour ovir me head, an' jewkin' down in front av me, admirin'-like at the same time. "Now don't move," says he, "kape viry sthill til' I cum back," an' away he wint intil a little dark room beyant.

Now, it wint through me like a flash that they were rogues, the pair av thim, an' that they wur goin' to chate me—the one fellay outside wid me money safe widin his trowsers, an' this ould pick'd-lookin' divil sthrivin' to p'am aff the haf av me face on mesilf for the whole av it, d'ye mind? "Yez may take me for a granehorn," says I to mesil, "but the divil skure me iv I don't git satisfacshun or me money out av yes, me fine laddie bucks. Yis, aven iv I hav' to take in the purlice to the both av yes." Howly faythers! may I niver brathe another breath, an' ye'll blave me, the anxiety I was sufferin' under was terribil—it was.

Be dad! he was no sooner in that little room but I

was out av that sate, an' me roun' to the back av the little box to satisfy mesel' that he had no murthrus waypins consailed widin it ready to fire at me may be in an unguardid minute.

But, niver a haporth cud I see, for a black cloth he had hung ovir the frunt av it, an' jist as I was puttin' me hand ovir the ould rag, may all the saints in hivin purserve me, but there stud the ould bag iv bones at the side av me; aye, an he wid me hand grab'd. Och, may I nivir stir but I was all av a violent thrimble—I was.

"What are ye doin' here?" says he. "What tuk ye out av there?" says he. "Didn't I tell ye to kape sthill, an' not stur?" says he, lookin' wild at me.

"I'm not takin' anything, sur," says I, when I cud command mesel' a thrifle, an' the heart av me givin' ivery lape widin me throat, be the token.

"Sure, sir, I was sthrivin' to look through the little windies at mesel' beyant there," says I, still kapin' me eye viry jubius-like on the little box, d'ye mind?

"Well, yez needn't git so frightened," says he, seein' the state I was in. "There's no great harrum done, an' ye needn't be lookin' that way at the insthrument," says he, "for there's no wild baste in there that'll jump out an' devour ye. An' to quiet ye, I'll let ye look an' ye'll see how your pictur's tuk," says he, an' wid that he pull'd away the cloth. "Now," says he, "look in—an' ye'll see yersilf."

"Och! sure that's not me at all at all, that I'm lookin' at down beyant there," says I.

"Tut, tut," says he, "av coorse it's not ye, but me. Amn't I sthrivin' to show ye the way ye will look whin yer here," says he. "That's the way ye'll look."

"Are ye sure av it?" says I.

"I am," says he.

"That I'll look that way?" says I.

"Exactly. The identicle way," says he.

"Thin mailie, murther! mailie, murther! let me out av here," says I, gaspin' like. For iv you'll b'lave me, there he was, stan'in' forninst me, as plain as ye plaze; wid his heels in the air, an' his head on the floore.

"Och, giv' me me money, an' let me out av here this minit," says I, "ye murtherin' ould thafe."

"What's the row? what's the row?" says the big man, comin' in out av the other roome.

"Row, thin, enough," says I. "That ould starved crow, there beyant, was goin' to git me down there, an' when he got the grappers tight on the back av me lugs, he was goin' to stand me on the tap av me hed, an' may be murther me entirely. Yez tuk me for a granehorn, did yez?" says I; "well, I'm not so grane as ye think now, may be, an' iv ye don't giv' me money, an' let me out av here, I'll hav' yez both up afore the coort for a pair av thaves, that ye are."

Och, thunder an' turf, Whinny. Iv yo'll b'lave me, an' may I niver stir, but it's the truth, I'm tellin'. What wur thim two villians doin', but laughin' an' roarin' at me, yis, that hearty now, that y'u'd think the very sides av thim wud split open. Aye, troth an' me that ragin' I cud hav' torn ivery hair out av their heads, iv I cud hav' clutched thim wid me two hands. O Lord! forgive me. They just curdled the blood av me with the rage, they did. An' whin the outside wan—yis—the wan that had me hard earnin' in his pockit—cud control himsilf from burstin' wid the laughin', says he, lookin viry sawdherin' like, "Och, bless ye! bless ye!

Ye didn't understand him, Miss. Sure, it's not ye at all, at all; but your pictur' that'll be revarsed in the takin'," says he; "an' it's yersilf will be sittin' quite quiet—in yer chair—like a quane upon her throne. Come now," says he, "an' I'll fix ye mesilf." At the same time takin' me by me hand and ladin' me back to the sate I was in afore, yis, an' twhistin' me the viry identicle way the ould scare-crow did. Aye, faix! an' grapped the ould screwin' iron on me, too, just the same now as that ould rashkill did.

"Now, ye'll sit quiet, an' look at that sthick, at the corner av the box, an' don't move whilst I'm countin'," says he, at the same time puttin' somethin' that ould picky-bones had gev him intil the frunt av the little box. "Now mind," says he, "don't stur," an' wid that he turn'd his back an' begun to count for his life. For I cud see plain enough that the laugh wasn't out av him yit. Och, lave me alone, but I knew enough to not let thim bate me out of anythin' this time, d'ye mind? So I jist planted mesilf stret round an' cock'd me two eyes stret in frunt av me. An' troth I had quite enough to kape me imployed watchin' the little sthick, and the box, and his own back, d'ye mind? "That'll do for the prisint," says he, "but remain where ye are, for I may hav' to take ye ovir ag'in." An' wid that he handed á bit av a slate to ould skinny-bags, an' he whip'd wid it intil his little din. Purty soon he kem out, an' the two were talkin' thegether like a couple av pirates, dishputin' betune thimsilves. So, whin they had settled it, himself walks up to me, an' says he, "I hav' the pictur' av you now, only," says he, "it has far more than belongs to ye, but I'll show it to ye to convince ye that we wur not chatin' ye out av yer eyes.

onyway." An', Whinny, och Whinny, acushla! Iv there wasn't mesilf wid four eyes an' two mouths in the face av me. All other ways as natural as life, top skirt an' all.

"I'm not willin' to giv' ye so much for the price," says he, "an' iv ye'll just look at a luvly little burd that I'll hould in my hand intil I count thurty, I'll jist take two av yer eyes out an' clap thim intil me pockit to remember ye by, an' yer mouth an yer voice. 'Deed, I'll niver forgit, as long as I live," says he.

So wid that the ould fairy gev him the slate back agin, an' he clapped it intil the box, fixed me ovir, avick; held up his little burd for me to look at, an' be jabers! he niver tuk his two eyes off me face, this time, an' him countin' as solim now as an ould judge, readin' the dith sintince; an' whin they got through, this was what they brung to me; an' iv ye don't say it's as good a lookin' gurril as iver left the county Connaught—heath, I'm sure my mother will, whin she sees it. Och, look it there! Isn't it the dazzler?

BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.

THEY'S fellers a-writin' about the war,
'At nobody ever knowed before,
An' ne'er a word, you understand,
'Bout Corp'al Alexander Rand.

In ever' paper, West an' East,
Them writes the most as fit the least;
But there was cheers and carnage when
Brave Corp'al Rand led on his men.

When Grant was in that awful mess
A fightin' in the Wilderness,
Says Meade, "Who bears the battle's heft?"
Says Grant, "It's Rand, 'at holds the left."

When rebeldom was out of j'int,
An' Lincoln came from City P'int,
"Well, well!" says he, with honest joy,
"There's Corp'al Rand, of Eelinoy."

An' yet I aint, nor you aint seen
His pictur' in a magazine;
The bravest man 'at ever drored
In any cause a soljer's sword.

The sharpest, keenest, bravest man
To plan, er execute a plan;
Ef long as time his fame don't stand
My name aint Alexander Rand.

R. J. BURDETTE.

A DUTCHMAN'S TESTIMONY IN A STEAMBOAT CASE.

SEVERAL years ago the steamboat Buckeye blew up on the Ohio River near Pittsburg, by which accident a lady rejoicing in the name of Mrs. Rebecca Jones lost both her husband and her baggage. In due time she brought suit against the owners of the boat for

damages for the death of her husband, as well as compensation for the loss of her clothing. On trial, the defense denied everything. It was alleged that neither Jones nor his wife was aboard the Buckeye, and therefore he could not have been killed, or any clothing lost. The Jones family, being strangers in Pittsburg, where they went on board the boat, it was difficult to find any witnesses to prove that the missing man was actually on board, or that he was killed. Finally Mrs. Jones remembered that a Dutchman who took their trunk from the hotel at Pittsburg was a deck passenger, and he was soon found and subpœnaed as a witness. His name was Deitzman, and being called to the stand, he was questioned as follows:

Counsel for Mrs. Jones.—Mr. Deitzman, did you know the steamboat Buckeye?

Witness.—Yaw, I vas plow up mit her.

Counsel.—Were you on board when the boiler collapsed?

Witness.—Yaas, I vas on de poat ven de piler bust.

Counsel.—Did you know Mr. Jones, the husband of this lady? [pointing to plaintiff.]

Witness.—To pe sure I know him; I pring his trunk on de poat at Bittsburg, and ve paid our passage togedder at der captain's office.

Counsel.—Well, did he stay aboard; did you see him on the boat at the time of the explosion?

Witness.—Nix: I didn't see Mr. Shones on der poat at dat time.

Counsel for Defense [eagerly].—So, he wasn't on the Buckeye when the boiler exploded, that you know of?

Witness.—I didn't say dat.

Counsel [with a triumphant glance at the jury].—What did you say then? when did you last see Jones?

Witness.—Vell, I shtood by der shmoke bipe ven der piler pust, and I didn't see Mr. Shones den; but ven me and der shmoke bipe vas goin' up in de air, I see Shones coming down! Dat's der last time I see him.

This testimony being thought conclusive, the jury gave Mrs. Jones a verdict for five thousand dollars.

"BEVARE OF THE VIDDERS."

OXCOOSE me if I shed some tears,
Und vipe my nose avay;
Und if a lump vos in my troat,
It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt,
Und if dot tale of woe
Don't do some Dutchmans any good
Den I don'd pelief I know.

You see I fall myself in love,
Und effery night I goes
Across to Brooklyn by dot pridge,
All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder voman vos der brize,
Her husband he vos dead;
Und all alone in dis coldt vorldt
Dot vidder vos, she saidt.

Her heart for love vos on der pine,
Und dot I like ter see;
Und all de time I hoped dot heart
Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher-shop, you know,
And in a shtocking stout
I put avay my gold und bills,
Und no one gets him oudt.

If, in der night, some bank cashier
Goes skipping off mit cash,
I shleep so sound as nefer vas,
While rich folks go to smash.

I court dot vidder sixteen months,
Dot vidder she courts me,
Und ven I says: "Vill you be mine?"
She says: "You bet I'll be!"

Ve vos engaged—oh, blessed fact!
I squeeze dot dimpled hand,
Her head upon my shoulder lays
Shust like a bag of sand.

Before der wedding day was set,
She whispers in my ear:
"I like to say I haf to use
Some cash, my Yacob dear.

"I owns dis house und two big farms,
Und ponds und railroad shtock;
Und up in Yonkers I bossess
A grand big peesness block.

"Der times vos dull, my butcher boy,
Der market vos no good,
Und if I sell—" I squeezed her hant
To show I understood.

Next day—oxcoose my briny tears—
Dot shtocking took a shrink;
I counted out twelve hundred in
Der cleanest kind of chink.

Und later by two days or more,
Dot vidder shlopes avay;
Und leaves a note behindt for me
In vich dot vidder say:

"DEAR SHAKE:—
"Der rose vos redt,
Der violet blue—
You see I've left,
Und you're left, too!"

THE FUNERAL.

I WAS walking in Savannah, past a church decayed and dim,
When there slowly through the window came a plaintive funeral hymn;
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quickly grew,
Till I found myself environed in a little negro pew.

Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow, nearly wild;
On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child.

I could picture him when living—curly hair, protruding lip—
And had seen perhaps a thousand in my hurried Southern trip.

But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of death
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with his little fluttering breath;
And no funeral ever glistened with more sympathy profound
Than was in the chain of tear drops that enclasped those mourners round.

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little wooden desk—
With a manner grandly awkward, with a countenance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian face;
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed, undying race.

And he said, "Now don' be weepin' for dis pretty bit o' clay—
For de little boy who lived there, he done gone an' run away!
He was doin' very finely, an' he 'preciate your love;
But his sure 'nuff Father want him in de large house up above.

"Now He didn' give you dat baby, by a hundred thousan' mile!
He just think you need some sunshine, an' He lend it for awhile!

An' He let you keep an' love it till your hearts was
bigger grown;
An' dese silver tears you're sheddin's jest de interest on
de loan.

"Here your oder pretty chil'run!—don't be makin' it
appear,
Dat your love got sort o' 'nopolized by this little fellow
here;
Don' pile up too much your sorrow on deir little men-
tal shelves,
So's to kind o' set 'em wonderin' if dey're no account
themselves!

"Just you think, you poor deah mounahs, creepin' 'long
o'er Sorrow's way,
What a blessed little picnic dis yere baby's got to-day!
Your good faders and good moders crowd de little fel
low round
In de angel-tended garden of de Big Plantation-Ground.

"An' dey ask him, 'Was your feet sore?' an' take off his
little shoes.
An' dey wash him, an' dey kiss him, an' dey say: 'Now
what's de news?'
An' de Lawd done cut his tongue loose; den de little
fellow say:
'All our folks down in de valley tries to keep de hebenly
way.'

"An' his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de pretty things
he view;
Den a tear come, and he whisper: 'But I want my
paryents, too!'

But de Angel Chief Musician teach dat boy a little song;
Says 'If only dey be fait'ful dey will soon be comin' 'long.'

"An' he'll get an education dat will prober'bly be worth
Seberal times as much as any you could buy for him on earth;
He'll be in de Lawd's big school-house, widout no contempt or fear;
While dere's no end to de bad tings might have happened to him here.

"So, my pooah dejected mounahs, let your hearts wid Jesus rest,
An' don't go to critercisin' dat ar One w'at knows de best!
He have sent us many comforts—He have right to take away—
To de Lawd be praise an' glory now and ever! Let us pray."

WILL CARLETON.

IT'S VERA WEEL.

IT'S vera weel throughoot the day,
When ta'en up wi' wark or play,
To think a man can live alway
Wi'oot a wifey;

But it's anither thing, at night,
To sit alone by can'le-light,
Or gang till rest, when shairp winds bite,
Wi'oot a wifey.

It's vera weel when claes are new,
To think they'll always last just so,
And look as weel as they do noo,
Wi'oot a wifey;

But when the holes begin to show,
The stitches rip, the buttons go,
What in the warl's a man to do
Wi'oot a wifey?

It's vera weel when skies are clear,
When frien's are true and lassies dear,
To think ye'll gang through life—nae fear—
Wi'oot a wifey;

But clouds will come the skies athart,
Lassies will marry, frien's maun part;
Wha then can cheer your saddened heart
Like a dear wifey?

It's vera weel when young and hale:—
But when ye're ould, and crazed, and frail,
And your blithe spirits 'gin to fail,
You'll want a wifey;

But mayhap then the lassies dear
Will treat your offers wi' a sneer;
Because ye're cranky, gray, and sere,
Ye'll get nae wifey.

Then haste ye, haste, ye silly loon;
Rise up and seek aboot the toon,
And get Heaven's greatest earthly boon—
A wee bit wifey.

WALLACE DUNBAR.

DE PREACHER AN' DE HANTS.

A STORY RELATED BY UNCLE PERRY, A DARKEY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

DAR wuz a hous' by hitself in an ole fiel'. De hous' wuz off a piece from de main road. Some rich people useter lib dar wunst, but dey had all died out. De tramps an' all de pussons trabelling along de road wouldn't stop at de hous', 'caise dey heerd hit was hantid, an' wuz afeard de hants would scare 'em off.

After awhile dar come an ole preacher along, an' hit wuz rainin' mighty heaby. He axed some ob de nabors ef he could put up at de hous' in de fiel' fer de night, ez hit wuz gitten berry dark 'bout dat time. De nabors tole him he could stay dar ef he wantid ter, but dat de buildin' was 'bout giben up ter de hants.

De preacher neber said much, but he borrered a box of lucifum matches an' a big taller candil. Den he tromped straight ter de hous' an' struck a light, an' went in peart wid his head helt high.

De fust thing he foun' wuz an ole table in the closes' cornder ob de down-stairs room. He drawed hit out inter de middle ob de flo'; den he tuk his Bible from de big inside pockit ob his coat, laid hit on de table, pulled a miljewed rockin' chair ter de side ob der candil, tuk his seat easy, an' opened de book.

All dis time de daddy-long-legs an' de cockroaches wuz crawlin' in an' out ob de walls; de spiders wuz movin' in de big black cobwebs, an' de rats an' mouses wuz makin' a rakit all ober de hous'. De preacher neber tuk no notice ob de varmints; he wiped his specs' wid a blue handkercher, put dem on, an' sot inter readin'.

De rain wuz fallin' an' fallin', but de win' neber blowed much, an' de candil kep' still ez de preacher.

'Way long 'bout de middle of de night in walked de body ob a bulldog, widout a head. He neber barked, but when he got clos' ter de table he moved back'ards slow to the front door, an' banished swif' inter de darkness an' de rain.

An' de preacher an' de candil bofe kep' still.

After a while a cow come in wid no horns on her head an' no motionin' ob de tail. She crossed de room an' passed froo de wall by the side ob de chimbly.

An' de preacher an' de candil neber moved.

Nex' dar come in two black cats wid monstrous heads, and eyes ez big ez de owl's a-blinkin' at um from de dark eend ob de room. De eyes ob dem cats look like coals ob fire, wid no ashes on um. Dey crope up onder de table whar de foots ob de preacher wuz stretched out an' mounted on um. De har on his head ris' we'en dey teched him, but he neber sed nuthin', an' kep' a-readin' an' readin' in de good book.

Jest 'fore de breakin' ob de day de flame ob de candil lep' up. De win' neber struc' hit, fer de a'r wuz still. De light fell suddin ez hit ris', and sot inter burnin' blue.

Den in come a man wid a 'ooman follerin' him, an' bofe of um in long white clothes, wid de smell ob de grabeyard all ober dem.

Dey wuz ghoses!

De preacher neber had knowed um, livin' or dead, but he shet de Bible and axked um easy:

"Name ob de Lawd, w'at yo' want?"

Den dey tole him dey wuz from de t'other worl' and couldn't res' happy in de churchyard, becaise ob some money dey hid afore dey died.

Dey sed 'twas nine t'ousan' do'lahs and wuz buried "way down on a hillside." Dey tole him whar to fine hit. Den dey said dey had two brudders libin' an' begged de preacher ter git de money an' gib de brudders two t'ousan' apiece; de balance wuz his'n.

Dey said 'twas giben ter him fer speakin' ter dem. Dey tole him dey could res' happy now, and dey lef' him. An' de mornin' broke wid de preacher settin' at de table wid bofe hands on de Bible.

De eend ob de tale say dat de preacher foun' de money, an' done right by de brudders. An' atter dat enny body could sleep in de house.

Nobody neber wuz brave enuff ter speak ter de hants tel' de preacher come along. He jes' sot down and read de good book all night. WM. H. HAYNE.

TIM MURPHY'S STEW.

TIM MURPHY (solus): I saw Teddy Reagan the other day; he told me he had been dealing in hogs. "Is business good?" says I. "Yis," says he. "Talking about hogs, Teddy, how do you find yourself?" sez I. I wint to buy a clock the other day, to make a present to Mary Jane. "Will you have a Frinch clock?" says the jeweler. "The deuce take your Frinch clock," sez I. "I want a clock

that my sister can understand when it strikes." "I have a Dutch clock," sez he, "an' you can put that on the sthairs." "It might run down if I put it there," sez I. "Well," sez he, "here's a Yankee clock, with a lookin'-glass in the front, so that you can see yourself," sez he. "It's too ugly," says I. "Thin I'll take the lookin'-glass out, an' whin you look at it you'll not find it so ugly," sez he.

I wint to Chatham Sthreet to buy a shirt, for the one I had on was a thrifle soiled. The Jew who kept the sthore looked at my bosom, an' said: "So hellup me gracious! how long do you vear a shirt?" "Twinty-eight inches," sez I. "Have you any fine shirts?" sez I. "Yis," sez he. "Are they clane?" sez I. "Yis," sez he. "Thin you had betther put on one," sez I.

You may talk about bringin' up childer in the way they should go, but I believe in bringing them up by the hair of the head. Talking about bringing up childer—I hear my childer's prayers every night. The other night I let thim up to bed without thim. I skipped and sthood behind the door. I heard the big boy say: "Give us this day our daily bread." The little fellow said: "Sthrike him for pie, Johnny." I have one of the most economical boys in the city of New York; he hasn't spint one cint for the last two years. I am expecting him down from Sing Sing next week.

Talking about boys, I have a nephew who, five years ago, couldn't write a word. Last week he wrote his name for $10,000; he'll git tin years in Auburn.

They had a fight at Tim Owen's wake last week. Mary Jane was there. She says that, barrin' herself, there was only one whole nose left in the party, an' that belonged to the tay-kettle.

FRITZ AND I.

MYNHEER, blease helb a boor oldt man
Vot gomes vrom Sharmany,
Mit Fritz, mine tog, and only freund,
To geep me company.

I haf no geld to puy mine pread,
No blace to lay me down;
For ve vas vanderers, Fritz and I,
Und sdrangers in der town.

Some beoples gife us dings to eadt,
Und some dey kicks us oudt,
Und say, "You don'd got peesnis here
To sdroll der schtreets aboudt!"

Vot's dot you say?—you puy mine tog.
To gift me pread to eadt!
I was so boor as never vas,
But I vas no "tead beat."

Vot, sell mine tog, mine leetle tog.
Dot vollows me aboudt,
Und vags his dail like anydings
Vene'er I dakes him oudt?

Schust look at him, und see him schump!
He likes me pooty vell;
Und dere vas somedings 'bout dot tog,
Mynheer, I wouldn't sell.

"Der collar?" Nein: 'twas someding else
Vrom vich I gould not bart;

Und, if dot ding vas dook avay
I dink it prakes mine heart.

Vot vos it, den, aboudt dot tog,
You ashk, " dot's not vor sale ?'
I dells you vot it ish, mine freund:
'Tish der vag off dot tog's dail!

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

A TEXT WITHOUT A SERMON.

THERE wor once a mason at Guiseley gat intor his heead 'aht he wor just cut aht for a preycher, so he went to see a Methody parson, an' asst him if he couldn't get him a job as a " local " somewhear; he wor sewer if they'd nobbut give him a right chance, he could convert sinners wholesale. Well, after a gooid deal of bother t' parson gat a vacant poolpit for him i' some ahtside country place, an' theer one fine Sunda' mornin' in t' mason went, reight weel suited wi' hizen. Up into t' poolpit he mahnted, like one 'at wor weel used t' job. All went on quietly eniff, whol t' time come for him to begin his sarmon, an' theer wor a rare congregation to listen tul him.

" Nah, my friends," he began, in a stammerin' sort of way, " t' text is this: ' I am t' leet o' t' world.' " He then waited a bit, an' a'ter thumpin' t' poolpit top toathree times, he gat on a bit further. " Firstly, my friends," he says—" firstly, I—I—I am t' leet o' t' world," an' then he com' t' another full stop, and thumpt the poolpit agean a bit. " Yes," he said agean,

"in t' first place I—I—I am t' leet o' t' world," but he couldn't get a word further, dew what he would.

At t' last, hahiver, there wor an owd woman among't t' congregation sang aht, "I tell tha what it is, lad, if tha'rt t' leet o'o t' world, thah sadly wants snuffin'."

An' t' poor mason hookt it aht o' t' chapel as if he'd been bitten wi' a mad dog. He wor never known t' enter a poolpit at after.

THE WIDOW O'SHANE'S RINT.

WHIST, there! Mary Murphy, doan think me insane,
But I'm dyin' ter tell ye of Widder O'Shane:
She as lives in the attic nixt mine, doan ye know,
An' does the foine washin' fer ould Misther Schnow.

Wid niver a chick nor a child ter track in,
Her kitchen is always as nate as a pin;
An' her cap an' her apron is always that clane—
Och, a mighty foin gurral is the Widder O'Shane.

An' wud ye belave me, on Sathurday night
We heard a rough stip comin' over our flight;
An' Mike, me ould man, he jist hollered to me,
"Look out av the door an' see who it moight be."

An' I looked, Mary Murphy, an' save me if there
Wasn't Thomas Mahone on the uppermost stair,
(He's the landlord; ye're seen him yerself, wid a cane;)
An' he knocked on the door of the Widder O'Shane.

An' I whispered to Michael, "Now what can it mane
That his worship is calling on Widder O'Shane?"
(Rint day comes a Friday, wid us, doan ye see,
So I knew that it wusn't collictin' he'd be.)

"It must be she owes him some money for rint,
Though the neighbors do say that she pays to the cint.
You take care of the baby, Michael Brady," says I,
"An' I'll pape through the keyhole, I will, if I die."

The houly saints bliss me! what shudn't I see
But the Widder O'Shane sittin' pourin' the tea;
An' the landlord was there—Mr. Thomas Mahone—
A-sittin' one side ov the table alone.

An' he looked at the Widder O'Shane, an' sez he,
"It's a privilege great that ye offer ter me;
Fer I've not sat down by a woman's side
Since I sat by her that I once called me bride.

"An' is it ye're poor now, Widder O'Shane?
Ye're a dacent woman, tidy an' clane;
An' we're both av us here in the world alone—
Wud ye think uv unitin' wid Thomas Mahone?"

Then the Widder O'Shane put the teakettle down,
An' she sez, "Mr. Thomas, yer name is a crown;
I take it most gladly"—an' then me ould man
Hollered, "Bridget cum in here quick as yer can."

So, then, Mary Murphy, I riz off that floor,
An' run into me attic an' bolted the door;
An' I sez to me Michael, "Now isn't it mane?
She'll have no rint to pay, will that Widder O'Shane."

SHOEMAKER'S
Best Selections
FOR READINGS AND RECITATIONS
Numbers 1 to 27 Now Issued

Teachers, Readers, Students, and all persons who have occasion to use books of this kind, concede this to be the best series of speakers published. The different numbers are compiled by leading elocutionists of the country, who have exceptional facilities for securing selections and whose judgment as to their merits is invaluable. No trouble or expense is spared to obtain the very best readings and recitations, and much material is used by special arrangement with other publishers, thus securing the best selections from such American authors as Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, Alice and Phœbe Cary, Mrs. Stowe, and many others. The foremost English authors are also represented, as well as the leading French and German writers. The series is not only valuable for the readings and recitations it contains, but is also an attractive addition to the home library, as the selections make interesting reading as short stories.

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Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 1

Abraham Lincoln, by Henry Ward Beecher. An eloquent eulogy.
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Blue and the Gray, The. For Decoration Day.
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Launch of the Ship, The, by Henry W. Longfellow. Strong, patriotic.
Memory of Washington, The, by Ed. Everett. Washington's Birthday.
Modern Cain, The. A strong temperance selection.
Nobody's Child. Very pathetic.
Old Yankee Farmer, The. Dialect.
Our Folks. A story of the Rebellion. Pathetic.
Patrick Dolin's Love Letter. Humorous. Dialect.
Piece of Bunting, A. Patriotic. Historic.
Relief of Lucknow, The. Emotional.
Revolutionary Rising, The. Patriotic and stirring.
Scrooge and Marley. From Dickens' Christmas Carol.
Smack in School, The. Very amusing.
Spartacus to the Gladiators. Strong.
Why He Wouldn't Sell the Farm. Pathetic and patriotic.
William Tell. Dramatic and thrilling.
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Arnold Winkelried. Patriotic and soul-stirring.
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Blacksmith's Story, The. A touching story of the Rebellion.
Black Ranald. An heroic love story.
Buck Fanshaw's Funeral, by Mark Twain. Frontier life. Humorous.
Cassius and Cæsar, Hamlet's Soliloquy, Wolsey's Fall. Shakespeare. Three favorites.
Christmas Carol, A. For Christmas.
Darius Green and His Flying Machine. Rustic. Mirth-provoking.
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How Mr. Coville Counted the Shingles. Very funny.
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Liberty and Union, by Daniel Webster. Patriotic.
Lochinvar's Ride. Heroic. Gallant.
Mark Twain and the Interviewer. Exceedingly funny.
May Queen, The. Very popular.
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Month of Mars, The. Beautiful pioturing.
New Church Organ, The, by Will Carleton. Spinster characterization.
New Year's Address. Elevating.
Old Man in the Model Church, The. Touching characterization.
Over the Hill to the Poorhouse, by Will Carleton. Very pathetic.
Polish Boy, The. Intensely dramatic.
Puzzled Dutchman, The. Humorous.
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Rum's Maniac. Dramatic temperance piece.
Schneider Sees "Leah." Very amusing.
Socrates Snooks. Female equality emphasized. Humorous.
Soldier's Reprieve, The. A touching story of President Lincoln's kindness.
Spanish Armada, The, by T. B. Macaulay. Dramatic description.
Washington as a Civilian. For Washington's Birthday.
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Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 3

Adoon the Lane. Scotch humor.
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Charlie Machree. Exciting.
Claudius and Cynthia. Very thrilling.
Closing Year, The. Lofty and impressive.
Dutchman's Serenade, The. Humorous.
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Jack and Gill. Humorous.
Kit Carson's Ride, by Joaquin Miller. A stirring incident of prairie life.
Kitchen Clock, The. Humorous and very popular.
Laughin' in Meetin', by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Humorous, suited to church occasions.
Licensed to Sell; or, Little Blossom. Temperance.
Lines to Bary Jade. Humorous.
Maud Muller, by John G. Whittier. Always popular.
National Monument to Washington. Suited to Washington's Birthday.
Old Forsaken Schoolhouse, The. Reminiscent.
Painter of Seville, The. Very popular.
Parrhasius and the Captive, by N. P. Willis. Highly dramatic.
Poor Little Jim. A pathetic story of the mines.
Power of Habit, The, by John B. Gough. Strong temperance piece.
Promise, The. Religious.
Reaching the Early Train. Humorous.
Reply to Mr. Corry. A masterpiece of oratory.
Reverie in Church. Humorous. For church entertainment.
Rock of Ages. Contains singing parts.
Senator's Dilemma, The. Amusing.
Three Fishers, The. Pathetic.
Tom Sawyer's Love Affair, by Mark Twain. Humorous.
Vagabonds, The, by J. T. Trowbridge. Very popular.
Waiting for the Children. For thanksgiving.
Wax Work. Humorous.
Woman, by Alfred Tennyson. A graceful tribute.

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Angels of Buena Vista, The, by John G. Whittier. Very dramatic.
Annuity, The. Scotch humor.
Baggage Smasher, The. Humorous.
Battle of Bunker Hill, The. Patriotic.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, by George H. Boker. Thrilling description.
Battle Hymn of the Republic, by Julia Ward Howe. Religious.
Black Horse and His Rider, The. A stirring patriotic declamation.
Burning Prairie, The, by Alice Carey. Dramatic.
Cause of Temperance, The, by John B. Gough. Strong temperance piece.
Centennial Oration. Eloquent.
Christmas Sheaf, The. A Norwegian Christmas story.
Clarence's Dream. Intensely dramatic.
Contentment. Religious, trustful.
Curfew Must Not Ring To-night. Thrilling.
Deacon Munroe's Story. Humorous characterization.
Dora, by Alfred Tennyson. A powerful story.
Dot Lambs Vot Mary Haf Got. German dialect.
Faith and Reason. Moral.
Fire, The. Dramatic.
Gambler's Wife, The. Pathetic and tragic.
Ghost, The. Quaint Yankee humor.
Grandmother's Story. Her account of Bunker Hill.
Great Beef Contract, The, by Mark Twain. Intensely humorous.
Judge Pitman on Various Kinds of Weather, by Max Adeler. Humorous.
Kentucky Belle. A pleasing incident of the Civil War.
Leap Year Wooing, A. Humorous.
Love Your Neighbor as Yourself. Amusing.
Maiden's Last Farewell, The. Humorous.
Man's a Man for a' That, A, by Robert Burns. Scotch dialect.
Mark Antony Scene. Always popular.
Modest Wit, A. Humorous.
Negro Prayer, A. Dialect.
Ode to the Legislature, by John G. Saxe. A fine satirical poem.
Our Own. Moral and pathetic.
Rationalistic Chicken, The. Philosophic humor.
Raven, The. Always popular.
Rest, by Father Ryan. Deeply spiritual.
Rienzi's Address. Soul-stirring.
Tommy Tuft, by Henry Ward Beecher. A deeply pathetic religious story.
Tribute to Washington. For Washington's Birthday.
Union, The. A patriotic poem.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 5

Ager, The. A humorous parody on the "ague."
Archie Dean. A vivacious, coquettish selection.
Betty Lea. A pleasing old-time courtship.
Brave at Home, The. A tribute to woman.
Bride of the Greek Isle, by Mrs. Hemans. Lofty and dramatic.
Budge's Version of the Flood. Child characterization. Very amusing.
Catiline's Defiance. Strongly emotional.
Centennial Hymn, by John G. Whittier. Religious and patriotic.
Course of Love Too Smooth. A humorous courtship.
Dedication of Gettysburg, by Abraham Lincoln. A patriotic gem.
Flood of Years, The, by William Cullen Bryant. A lofty oratorical poem.
Good Reading. A tribute to true elocution.
Hans and Fritz. Humorous.
How We Hunted a Mouse. Humorous.
John and Tibbie's Dispute. Scotch humor.
Last Hymn, The. Exciting. Suited for church reading. Parts to be sung.
Leak in the Dyke, The. Stirring story of Holland.
Lost and Found. A pathetic story of the Welsh mines.
Magdalena; or, The Spanish Duel, Spirited, mock-heroic, humorous.
Maiden Martyr, The. A touching incident. A fine church selection.
Membranous Croup, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
Only a Baby. For mothers' meeting.
Over the Hills and Far Away, by Miss Mulock. A beautiful bit of pathos.
Prisoner of Chillon, The, by Lord Byron. Intensely emotional and dramatic.
Ready For a Kiss. Child characterization.
Samantha Smith Becomes Josiah Allen's Wife. Humorous.
Schoolmaster's Guests, The, by Will Carleton. Humorous.
Swallowing a Fly, by T. De Witt Talmage. Humorous.
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, by J. G. Holland. Temperance.
Uncle Daniel's Introduction to a Mississippi Steamer. One of the best negro dialect selections ever written.
Vaudois Missionary, The. For church entertainment.
Where Is Papa To-night? Tender, pathetic, patriotic, and religious.
Why Biddy and Pat Married. Irish humor.

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Artemus Ward's London Lecture. Intensely humorous.
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Battle of Ivry, The, by T. B. Macaulay. A strong dramatic, historic poem.
Bridge of Sighs, The, by Thomas Hood. A pathetic and popular poem.
Cane-Bottomed Chair, The, by William M. Thackeray. Reminiscent.
Children's Hour, The, by H. W. Longfellow. A pretty picture of home life.
Day at Niagara, A, by Mark Twain. Humorous.
Doctor Marigold, by Charles Dickens. Sometimes known as "Cheap Jack." Good for characterization.
Dukite Snake, The. An intensely dramatic story.
Easter Morning. A fervid Easter selection.
Extract from "The Last Days of Herculaneum." Fine dramatic description.
Father Phil's Collection. One of the best Irish pieces ever written.
Getting Under Way, by Mark Twain. Humorous.
Green Mountain Justice, The. A bit of rustic humor.
Jane Conquest. A dramatic story of great power.
Little Allie, by Fannie Fern. A touching story.
Little Hatchet Story, The, by R. J. Burdette. Humorous characterization.
Malibran and the Young Musician Intensely interesting and pathetic.
Miss Edith Helps Things Along. A smart child's pert remarks.
Nae Luck Aboot the House. Scotch dialect.
Old Sergeant, The. A touching story of the Civil War.
Oratory, by Henry Ward Beecher. A plea for its culture.
Ride of Jennie McNeal, The, by Will Carleton. A stirring story of early days.
Robert of Lincoln, by William Cullen Bryant. Introducing bird songs.
Satan and the Grog-Seller. A strong temperance selection.
Songs in the Night. A humorous sleeping-car incident.
St. John the Aged. Spiritually impressive.
Thanksgiving, A. Suited to the day.
Tom. A dramatic story of a dog.
Tribute to East Tennessee. Intensely eloquent.
Valley Forge. Good for teaching.
Zekle, by James Russell Lowell. An old-time Yankee courtship.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 7

Auld Lang Syne, by Robert Burns. Never grows old.
Builders, The, by H. W. Longfellow. A choice gem.
Crescent and the Cross, The, by T. B. Aldrich. A good church selection.
Cuddle Doon. A pleasing Scotch home sketch.
Daisy's Faith. A popular child piece.
Death of the Old Year, The, by Alfred Tennyson. A good New Year piece.
Death of the Owd 'Squire, The. A stirring, dramatic poem.
Fair Play for Women, by George William Curtis. An eloquent plea.
Glove and the Lions, The, by Leigh Hunt. Dramatic.
Gray Honors the Blue, The. Patriotic. For Decoration Day.
Hannah Binding Shoes, by Lucy Larcom. A sad but pleasing story.
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Lighthouse May. A tale of heroism.
Masters of the Situation, by James T. Field. Excellent for teaching.
Master's Touch, The. Lofty, spiritual.
Milking Time. Rustic humor.
Mine Katrine. Dialect. Funny.
Mont Blanc Before Sunrise, by S. T. Coleridge. Sublime description.
Night Before Christmas, The. A lively Christmas selection.
Night After Christmas, The. A humorous sequel to the foregoing piece.
Old Grimes. Mock-serious.
Old Robin, by J. T. Trowbridge. An intensely interesting story.
Our Traveled Parson, by Will Carleton. Humorous and pathetic.
Owl Critic, The, by James T. Fields. Fine humor.
Paradise. A good selection for encore.
Royal Princess, A. A fine dramatic poem.
Saving Mission of Infancy, The. Interesting and uplifting.
Sheriff Thorne, by J. T. Trowbridge. An interesting story, showing the influence of woman.
Ship of Faith, The. Excellent negro dialect.
Sister and I. Passion and pathos.
Surly Tim's Trouble. Lancashire dialect. Very pathetic and touching.
That Hired Girl. Humorous.
Tom's Little Star. Experiences of a stage-struck woman. Humorous.
Voice in the Twilight, The. Suited to church or Sunday-school.
Wounded Soldier, The. Pathetic incident of a dying soldier.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 8

After Death, by Edwin Arnold. Spiritual. For church or Sunday-school.
American Specimen, An, by Mark Twain. Humorous.
Arrow and the Song, The. A choice gem.
Bald-headed Man, The. Laughable.
Bay Billy. Suited to Decoration Day.
Beecher on Eggs. Humorous.
Better in the Morning. Touching.
Bessie Kendrick's Journey. Very pathetic story of a bereaved child.
Carl. A spirited escape from wolves.
Christmas Carol, A. For Christmas. Part to be chanted.
Coney Island Down der Pay. Very funny.
Defence of Lucknow, The. Stirring.
Emigrant's Story, The, by J. T. Trowbridge. Thrilling incident of a prairie storm.
Fire-Bell's Story, The. A tale of heroism.
First Quarrel, The, by Tennyson. A dramatic and pathetic story.
Gran'ma Al'as Does. Child dialect.
Her Letter, by Bret Harte. Story of early California.
How Ruby Played. A humorous rustic description of Rubenstein's playing.
International Episode, An. A good encore.
King's Missive, The, by John G. Whittier. A story of early New England.
Little Feet. Very pathetic.
Mrs. MacWilliams and the Lightning, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
Nations and Humanity, by George William Curtis. Oratorical.
Nebuchadnezzar. Negro dialect.
Order for a Picture, An, by Alice Carey. A popular pathetic selection.
Over the Hill from the Poorhouse, by Will Carleton. A sequel to "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse."
Practical Young Woman, A. Humorous.
Reckoning with the Old Year. A good New Year selection.
Reply to Hayne, by Daniel Webster. Oratorical. Good for teaching.
Rest, by George MacDonald. Suited to religious entertainments.
Scene from "Leah the Forsaken." Strongly dramatic.
Setting a Hen. Rich German dialect.
Sioux Chief's Daughter, by Joaquin Miller. Very dramatic and popular.
Tale of the Yorkshire Coast. Dialect. Pathetic.
Temperance Question, The, by Wendell Phillips. A vigorous argument.
Vashti, by Julia C. R. Dorr. Very popular.

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Aged Stranger, The. By Bret Harte. Humorous.
Awfully Lovely Philosophy. Characterization of a gushing girl.
Baby's Kiss. An incident of the Civil War.
Bertha in the Lane. Pleasing pathos.
Brier Rose. A thrilling Norwegian story.
Child on the Judgment Seat, The. Moral and spiritual.
Christmas Ballad, A. Pathetic and stimulating.
Connor. A strong, pathetic, popular story.
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Horatius at the Bridge, by T. B. Macaulay. Heroic.
Last Prayer of Mary Queen of Scots. Regretful yet hopeful.
Lookout Mountain. German dialect. A pathetic incident of the civil war.
Master Johnny's Next-door Neighbor. By Bret Harte. Boy character.
Mrs. Walker's Betsey. A graphic story of humble life.
Mrs. Ward's Visit to the Prince. Yankee dialect. Humorous.
Palace o' the King, The. Scotch dialect.
Rover's Petition. By James T. Fields. A good child's piece.
Sailing of King Olaf, The. Dramatic, elevating, strong.
Sam's Letter. Characterization. Very funny.
School Begins To-day. Good boy's piece.
Selling the Farm. Pathetic.
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Tribute to Washington. Patriotic. Suited to Washington's Birthday.
Truth of Truths, The. By Ruskin. Good for teaching.
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White Squall, The. By W. M. Thackeray. Vigorous and humorous.
Widow and her Son, The. By Washington Irving. Pathetic and beautiful.
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Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 10

Armageddon. By Edwin Arnold. Religious.
Balaklava. A dramatic battle piece.
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Despair. By Tennyson. A dramatic story of great power.
Dick Johnson's Picture. Temperance.
Drifting. By T. Buchanan Read. Musical, pleasing, popular.
Eulogy on Garfield. By James G. Blaine. An eloquent tribute.
Herve Riel. By Robert Browning. A strong dramatic poem.
Irrepressible Boy, The. Inquisitiveness not always conducive to comfort.
Jamie. Dramatic and strongly pathetic.
Larrie O'Dee. Irish humor.
Law of Death, The. By Edwin Arnold. Pathetic.
Little Dora's Soliloquy. Child talk.
Little Rocket's Christmas. A pathetic Christmas story.
Lost Pound, The. By H. W. Longfellow. From "Evangeline."
Mick Tandy's Revenge. An interesting and pathetic Irish story.
Nay, I'll Stay with the Lad. A touching tale of the mines.
Old Year and the New, The. A New Year's selection.
Phantom Ship, The. By Celia Thaxter. A terrible tale of a slave ship.
Railway Matinee, A. The perplexities of the fat deaf man.
Rev. Gabe Tucker's Remarks. Negro sermon with a good moral.
Rizpah. Pathetic. Parts to be sung.
Schoolmaster Beaten, The. By Charles Dickens. Dramatic characterization.
Shriving of Guinevere, The. By S. Weir Mitchell. Dramatic and pleasing.
Sky, The. By Ruskin. Beautiful description.
Sympathy. Humorous.
Tammy's Prize. A pathetic Scotch story.
Theology in the Quarters. Negro dialect.
Tilghman's Ride. Patriotic and dramatic.
To the Survivors of Bunker Hill. By Daniel Webster. Patriotic.
Tragedy, The. A picture of life.
True Story of Little Boy Blue. A pleasing child's selection.
Wayside Inn, The. By Adelaide A. Proctor. A pleasing, pathetic story.

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Apostrophe to the Ocean, by Byron. Superior for vocal training.
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Death of Little Dombey. Pathetic.
Dutchman's Snake, The. Amusing.
Echo and the Ferry, by Jean Ingelow. A beautiful descriptive poem.
Flash.—The Fireman's Story, by Will Carleton. A humorous story.
Foxes' Tails, The; also known as **Sandy MacDonald's Signal.** Scotch. Very amusing. Exceedingly popular.
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Froward Duster, The, by R. J. Burdette. Very funny.
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Jerry. A spirited story of an Irish newsboy.
Lisping Lover, The. Humorous. Encore.
Little Gottlieb's Christmas, by Phœbe Cary. A German Christmas story.
Mice at Play. A very amusing story.
Mona's Waters. Dramatic and pathetic.
Nicodemus Dodge, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
No Kiss. Retaliation. Encore.
Old Year and the New, The, by Josephine Pollard. For New Year.
One Flower for Nelly. A touching Easter story.
Queen Vashti's Lament. Pathetic passion.
Rock Me to Sleep. Musical, tender.
Romance of a Hammock. Clever humor.
Shadow of Doom, The. Dramatic.
Song of the Mystic, by Father Ryan. Deeply spiritual and of rare beauty.
Sunday Fishin'. Dialect, amusing.
Supposed Speech of John Adams. Patriotic, standard.
Telephonic Conversation, A, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
Thora. A Norwegian love-story.
Ticket-o'-Leave, by George R. Sims. A stirring story.
Wedding of Shon Maclean. A stirring story of a Scotch wedding.
Where's Annette? Dramatic, thrilling.
Wonders of Genealogy, The. Things are somewhat mixed.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 12

Aunty Doleful's Visit. Mock consolation.
Aux Italiens, by Lord Lytton. Singing parts. Very popular
Ballad of Cassandra Brown, The. An elocutionary travesty.
Battle Flag at Shenandoah, The. A tale of heroism.
Bells, The, by Edgar Allen Poe. Excellent for vocal drill.
Bells Across the Snow. A short Christmas poem.
Bishop's Visit, The. A boy's piece.
Blind Poet's Wife, The. Intensely interesting.
Book Canvasser, The. Humorous.
Brother's Tribute, A. Lofty patriotism. Dramatic.
Country School, The. A lively school scene.
Duelist's Victory, The. A noble revenge.
Engineer's Making Love, The, by R. J. Burdette. Courting on the rail.
Fall of Pemberton Mill, The, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Unusually strong and popular.
Felon's Cell, A. Very dramatic.
Fly's Cogitations, A. Amusing.
Good-bye. A feminine good-bye.
How Girls Study. Impersonation.
How the Gospel Came to Jim Oaks. A tale of Christmas in a mining camp.
Jesus, Lover of My Soul. Spiritual and beautiful. Parts to be sung.
Jimmy Brown's Steam Chair. Very amusing.
Lasca. Incident of a Texas cattle ranch. Dramatic and pathetic.
Legend of the Beautiful, by H. W. Longfellow. Strongly spiritual.
Lincoln's Last Dream. Pathetic.
Maister and the Bairns, The. Scotch. Spiritual.
Newsboy's Debt, The. Pathetic and touching.
Old Letters. Sad memories they recall.
Over the Orchard Fence. The old farmer's story.
Poor-House Nan. A strong temperance piece.
Popular Science Catechism. Humorous. Explanation of the opera.
Receiving Calls. Trying experience of a minister's wife. Humorous.
Santa Claus in the Mines. A touching Christmas story.
Serenade, The. Encore.
She Cut His Hair. Funny.
Skeleton's Story, The. Very dramatic.
Teddy McGuire and Paddy O'Flynn. Irish. Very amusing.
Ter'ble 'Sperience, A. Negro dialect.
Total Annihilation. Encore.
Wendell Phillips. A noble tribute.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 13

Ancient Miner's Story, The, by Will Carleton. The emptiness of riches.
Aristarchus Studies Elocution. Humorous.
At Last, by John G. Whittier. Spiritual.
Aunt Polly's George Washington. Negro dialect; humorous.
Banford's Burglar Alarm. Amusing.
Canada. A tribute to her people.
Chase, The. Very dramatic.
Child's Dream of a Star, A. Pathetic.
Chopper's Child, The, by Alice Cary. A wholesome Thanksgiving lesson.
Ego et Echo, by John G. Saxe. Humorous. Affords vocal opportunities.
Griffith Hammerton. A pathetic and stimulating Scotch story.
In the Signal Box, by George R. Sims. A thrilling and pathetic story of a station master.
Jehoshaphat's Deliverance. A lofty, poetical, and inspiring description.
Lady Rohesia, The. Amusing.
Little Quaker Sinner, The. The vanity of dress.
Lead the Way. Inspiring.
Legend of the Organ Builder. One of the most popular selections ever written.
Let the Angels Ring the Bells. A ringing Christmas poem.
Lord Dundreary in the Country. An amusing extract.
Marit and I. A pleasing love story.
Mary's Night Ride, by George W. Cable. Dramatic and very popular.
"Marry Me, Darlint, To-night." Irish, humorous. Encore.
Memorial Day. Patriotic.
Methodist Class Meeting, A. Yorkshire dialect.
Mine Children. German dialect.
Mother and Poet, by Mrs. Browning. Dramatic, pathetic, and popular.
New Cure for Rheumatism, A, by R. J. Burdette. Very amusing.
Old Continentals, The. Patriotic.
Old Man Goes to Town, The. An old farmer's pathetic story.
Only. A good temperance piece.
Out to Old Aunt Mary's, by James Whitcomb Riley. Very popular.
Playing School. A child's piece. Encore.
Public Speech. Instructive.
Regulus to the Carthagenians. Familiar but always popular.
Song of the American Eagle. Patriotic.
Spring Poet, The. Humorous.
Two Stammerers, The. Very amusing.
Uncle Ben. A spirited child's story. Very pathetic.
V-a-s-e, The. Very funny.
Yosemite, The. A sublime description.
Zarah. Heroic and stirring.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 14

Ballad of the Wicked Nephew, by James T. Fields. Humorous.
Battle of Morgarten, by Mrs. Hemans. A poem of Swiss heroism.
Be a Woman, by Dr. Edward Brooks, A. M. On the duty of mothers.
Bill and Joe, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Pleasing humor.
Brudder Yerkes's Sermon. Negro dialect.
Child is Father to the Man, The. A touching child's story. Scotch.
Cow and the Bishop, The. Humorous.
Culprit, A. Very amusing.
Daniel Gray, by J. G. Holland. Moral.
Day is Done, The, by Longfellow. Reflective and very beautiful.
Death of Steerforth, The, by Charles Dickens. Dramatic.
Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge, The. Patriotic and stirring.
Finding of the Cross, The. For missionary meetings.
Going for the Cows. Country sights and sounds.
Her Laddie's Picture. Touching.
Jimmy Brown's Sister's Wedding. A very amusing boy's piece.
June, by James Russell Lowell. A fine poem.
Jupiter and Ten. Amusing. Encore.
King Harold's Speech to His Army. Heroic.
Life Boat, The. Very pathetic.
Miseries of War, The. Oratorical.
Mither's Knee, A. Scotch.
Money Musk. Description of a Negro dance.
Mother's Portrait, A. Very pathetic.
"Nearer Home." Tender, spiritual.
Night Watch, The. Very dramatic.
Pockets. Good description.
Romance of the Rood-Loft, A. A musical courtship.
Romance of the Swan's Nest, The, by Mrs. Browning. Pleasing description.
School Boy on Corns, A. Humorous.
Second Trial, A. A touching story of a little sister's sympathy and love.
Sister Agatha's Ghost. An interesting Yorkshire story.
Smile and the Sigh, The. Encore.
Sweetest Picture, The, by Alice Cary. Tender and beautiful.
Tear of Repentance, A. Beautiful description.
Tender Heart, The. Encore.
Three Leaves from a Boy's Diary. Amusing. Good boy's piece.
Victor of Marengo, The. Soul-stirring
What We Did with the Cow. Amusing.
Widow Cummiskey, The. Sharp Irish wit.
Ulysses, by Tennyson. Fine description.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 15

Bachelors, The. Amusing.
Bartholdi Statue, The. Eloquent.
Becalmed. A dramatic poem.
Brave Aunt Katy. Religious.
Commerce, by Edward Everett. A lofty tribute.
Concord Love Song, A. Encore.
David's Lament for Absalom, by N. P. Willis. Pathetic and popular.
Death of Jezebel, The. Very dramatic.
Der Oak und der Vine. German dialect.
Fading Leaf, The, by Gail Hamilton. A beautiful description of Nature.
Fall In! 1860, by George W. Cable. A spirited description.
Flag of the Rainbow. Patriotic.
Grant's Place in History. A high tribute.
Gray Champion, The, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Historic, interesting.
Guessing Nationalities, by Mark Twain. Exceedingly clever humor.
In the Children's Hospital, by Tennyson. Spiritual and pathetic.
Ireland to be Ruled by Irishmen, by William E. Gladstone. Eloquent.
Jem's Last Ride. Exciting.
King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, by Tennyson. A lofty, dramatic, and pathetic extract.
Kiss Deferred, The. A pleasing and popular poem.
Little Foxes, by R. J. Burdette. An instructive semi-humorous selection.
Little Maid With Lovers Twain. A dilemma. Scotch.
Lullaby. For little folks. May be sung or recited.
Manhood, by George K. Morris. Uplifting and inspiring.
Mr. Beecher and the Waifs. A tender tribute to the great preacher.
Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box. For church or missionary meetings.
Music in Camp; frequently called **Music on the Rappahannock. An** incident of the Civil War.
Old Roundsman's Story, An. For Christmas.
Our First Experience with a Watchdog, by Frank R. Stockton. Amusing.
Perfectly, Awfully, Lovely Story, A. An æsthetic exaggeration.
Price of a Drink, The. Temperance.
She Wanted to Hear it Again. Encore.
Song for the Conquered, A. Instructive and helpful.
Three Kings, The, by Longfellow. A fine Christmas selection.
Tragedy on Past Participles, A. Amusing. For educational meetings.
Two Runaways, The. Negro dialect. Very amusing.
Watch Night, by Horatius Bonar. Religious. New Year's Eve.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 16

Æsthetic Craze, The. Humorous.
Back from the War, by T. De Witt Talmage. Good for G. A. R. occasions.
Battle Hymn, The. Lofty, impressive. Good for teaching.
Calls. The nature of a ministerial call. Amusing.
Chariot Race, The, by Lew Wallace. From "Ben Hur." Exciting, popular.
Christening, The. An amusing mistake in the baptism of a child.
Cicely Croak. A pleasing story of rustic courtship.
Curse to Labor, The, by T. V. Powderly. A strong plea for temperance.
Day of Judgment, The, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. An amusing incident.
Decoration Day. A patriotic tribute.
Elf Child, The, by James Whitcomb Riley. "The Gobble-uns 'll Git You." Popular.
First View of the Heavens. Lofty description.
From the Shore of Eternity. Reflective and impressive.
General Grant's English, by Mark Twain. A stirring vindication.
Ginevra. Dramatic, thrilling.
Jimmy Hoy. One of the very best of Samuel Lover's laughable Irish stories.
Legend of the Earth, by Jean Rameau. A lofty description of the creation.
Lily Servoss's Ride, by Judge Tourgee. A thrilling Ku-Klux story.
Lost Child, The. An exciting poem.
Message of the Dove, The. An inspiring Easter story.
Mourner a la Mode, The, by John G. Saxe. An amusing satire.
New South, The, by H. W. Grady. Patriotic, graphic, glowing.
Old Fireplace, The. Pleasing pictures of childhood.
Old Man and Jim; An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Two of James Whitcomb Riley's most popular readings.
Portrait, The, by Lord Lytton. Very dramatic and exceedingly popular.
Swan Song, The. An exceedingly touching and powerful story.
Tell-Tale Heart, The, by Edgar Allen Poe. Dramatic confession of a murder.
Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor. For Thanksgiving Day.
Topsy's First Lesson. From "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Very amusing.
Toussaint L'Ouverture, by Wendell Phillips. An eloquent tribute.
Two Queens in Westminster. A strong, historic poem.
Uncle, The. Intensely dramatic.
While We May. Pathetic, tender.
Wisdom Dearly Purchased, by Edmund Burke. Lofty patriotism.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 17

Army of the Potomac, by Joaquin Miller. For G. A. R. meetings.
Aunt Melissy on Boys, by J. T. Trowbridge. A story of intoxicated turkeys.
Aunt Sylvia's First Lesson in Geography. Amusing. Negro dialect.
Boat Race, The. A spirited description. The girls' crew wins.
Courting and Science. For teachers' meetings. Humorous.
Dead on the Field of Honor. Lofty description.
Easter Morning, by Henry Ward Beecher. Eastertide selection.
First Thanksgiving, The. A ringing, musical poem.
Garfield Statue, The, by Grover Cleveland. An eloquent tribute.
Heavenly Guest, The, by Celia Thaxter. A poem for church occasions.
How We Fought the Fire, by Will Carleton. Amusing.
Inge, the Boy King. A dramatic story of ancient Norway.
Jimmy Brown's Prompt Obedience. Very funny.
John Burns, of Gettysburg, by Bret Harte. Patriotic, yet amusing.
Land of Thus-and-So, The, by James Whitcomb Riley. For little folks.
Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi, The, by Longfellow. A beautiful legend.
Lexington, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. A stirring, lofty, and patriotic poem.
Little Match Girl, The. A touching Christmas story for children.
Lord Dundreary's Riddles. Droll humor. Dude imitation.
Lost. An intensely strong and dramatic temperance selection.
Low-backed Car, The. By Samuel Lover. Humorous and musical.
Minuet, The. Introducing the minuet step. Very popular.
Miss Witchhazel and Mr. Thistlepad, by R. J. Burdette. How a city girl learned to farm.
Monk's Magnificat, The. Introducing a chant. Lofty and spiritual.
Mother-in-Law, The, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The bitterness of love.
Mr. Brown Has His Hair Cut. A very amusing and popular piece.
Nurse Winnie Goes Shopping. Irish dialect. Humorous.
Ride of Collins Graves, The. Thrilling incident of a bursting dam.
Rover in Church. A pleasing story for children.
Sent Back by the Angels. Pathetic.
Usual Way, The. A good encore.
Walpole's Attack on Pitt. Oratorical.
What is a Minority? by John B. Gough. Eloquent.
Wild Night at Sea, A. Dramatic.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 18

Absolution, by E. Nesbit. An exceptionally strong and popular poem.
Abigail Fisher. Rustic dialect.
Appeal for Temperance, by Henry W. Grady. An eloquent address.
At the Stage Door. Touching kindness of an actress.
Auctioneer's Gift, The. A short, affecting story.
Bad Boy's Diary, A. He would be a prestidigitator.
Blind Man's Testimony, The. A short Scripture story.
Charity Grinder and the Postmaster-General. A humorous mistake.
Cowboy's Sermon, The. Some Scripture truths plainly stated.
Come and be Shone. Humorous account of a lively bootblack.
Daniel Periton's Ride, by Albion W. Tourgee. A thrilling incident.
Defence of the Bride, The. A strong dramatic story.
Death Bridge of the Tay, The, by Will Carleton. A stirring story.
Famished Heart, A. A story worth repeating.
Gets Dhere, by Charles Follen Adams. Homely truths in German dialect.
How Ben Fargo's Claim was Jumped. An interesting frontier incident.
Inph-m. A popular bit of Scotch dialect.
Little Charlie's Christmas. A pathetic Christmas story.
Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy. A dramatic incident of the Revolution.
New Series of Census Questions. Humorous.
Noses. A boy's composition. Amusing.
O'Grady's Goat. Irish dialect. Humorous.
Packet of Letters, A. Clever humor.
Pilgrims, The, by Chauncey M. Depew. A tribute to the New England fathers.
She Liked Him Rale Weel. Pleasing Scotch dialect.
Squarest Un Among 'Em, The. A touching newsboy's story.
St. Martin and the Beggar, by Margaret E. Sangster. For Sunday-schools.
Tastes, by James Whitcomb Riley. Rustic humor. Encore.
Timothy Horn. His unique courtship.
Tobe's Monument. One of the most pathetic and popular stories ever written.
Two Christmas Eves, by E. Nesbit. A dramatic and pathetic poem.
Volunteer Organist, The, by S. W. Foss. Rustic, pathetic, and popular.
Wanted to See His Old Home. Affecting story of an old negro.
Whistling Regiment, The. An incident of the Civil War. Popular.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 19

Address to the Toothache, by Robert Burns. Humorous Scotch dialect.
Ballad of the Wayfarer, by Robert Buchanan. Pathetic and pleasing.
Beware, by Longfellow. Encore.
Bridget O'Flanagan. Irish humor.
Cold, Hard Cash. Encore.
Courting in Kentucky. Rustic, humorous, taking.
Divided, by Jean Ingelow. A beautiful and pathetic descriptive poem.
Doctor's Story, The. Amusing.
Dream of Fair Women, A, by Tennyson. Fine description.
Drop of Water, The. Very dramatic.
Dumb Savior, The. A powerful temperance story.
Getting On. An old man's reveries.
Glacier Bed, The. A thrilling story of an Alpine guide.
Her Laugh—In Four Fits. Encore.
How Uncle Podger Hung a Picture, by Jerome K. Jerome. Very laughable.
Jacqueminot-Rose Sunday. A pleasing hospital incident.
Joe Sieg. A story of an heroic railroad engineer.
Lady of Shalott, The, by Tennyson. Popular with the best readers.
Lost Lesson, The. A touching school scene.
Lecture by the New Male Star. Efforts of a female reporter. Humorous.
Mary Alice Smith, by James Whitcomb Riley. A quaint story.
Midnight in London. Vivid description of the great city by gaslight.
Mother's Mending Basket. A delightful home picture.
Oh, the Golden, Glowing Morning! For Easter day.
Queer Boy, A. Humorous.
Reuben James. A tribute to the courage of a sailor.
Siege of the Alamo. Patriotic.
Summerset Folks, The. Encore.
Swipesey's Christmas Dinner. How the newsboys "chipped in."
Toboggan Slide, The. An embarrassing situation.
Tola of Mustard Seed, The, by Sir Edwin Arnold. A sad but beautiful lesson.
Tragedy in the Sunshine, A. Dramatic.
Tray. An interesting story of a dog's brave deed.
True Bostonian at Heaven's Gate, A. Encore.
Twilight at Nazareth. Fine description.
War-horn of the Elfings, by William Morris. Beautiful description.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 20

All Things Shall Pass Away. An interesting Persian tale.
Aunt Phillis's Guest. Spiritual.
Billy. Who wasn't good like his brother Daniel.
Boys Wanted. A good piece for boys.
Bridget's Soliloquy. Dialect. Entertaining.
Casualty, A. Touching story of a bootblack.
Condensed Telegram, The. Humor.
Coaching the Rising Star. A striking lesson in dramatic elocution.
Doctor's Story, The, by Bret Harte. A touching incident of the Civil War.
Early Start, An. A minister's program not completely carried out.
Elopement in '75. A stirring love story of the Revolution.
Fortunes of War, The. A sad story of the Civil War.
Following the Advice of a Physician. Very amusing.
Getting Acquainted. Encore.
He Worried About It, by S. W. Foss. Droll humor.
Hullo. Cheering. Very popular.
I Will Not Leave You Comfortless. A pathetic tale of mountain life.
Josiar. Country courtship. Encore.
Judy O'Shea Sees Hamlet. She describes the play in true Irish fashion.
Little Margery. Childhood's faith and trust.
Little Busy Bees. How they gather honey at a church fair.
Me and Jim. Rustic characterization; pathetic, strong.
Millais's "Huguenots." A pathetic love story of the eve of St. Bartholomew.
Naughty Kitty Clover. For little girls.
Not in the Programme. An affecting incident in the life of an actress.
Obstructive Hat in the Pit. Very amusing.
Perfect Wife, The. A valuable lesson. Suited for church fairs.
Poor Rule, A. Encore.
Rajput Nurse, A, by Edwin Arnold. A thrilling Eastern story.
Riding on a Rail. Amusing incidents on a train.
Skimpsey. A thrilling and pathetic story of a horse jockey.
Song of the Market Place. A powerful picture of poverty, pity, music, and charity.
Tale of Sweethearts, A, by George R. Sims. A thrilling heart story. Dialect.
Their First Spat. A young couple's first quarrel. Humorous.
Uncle Noah's Ghost. How he searched for and found it. Amusing.
Wedding, The, by Southey. The dark side of the picture.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 21

Bebles, by Jerome K. Jerome. Humorous.
Because. Encore.
Benediction, The, by Francois Coppée. A strong poem introducing a chant.
Betrothed, The, by Rudyard Kipling. Difficulty of choosing. Humorous.
Bridal of Malahide, The. Heroic and pathetic.
Clive, by Robert Browning. Very dramatic and exceedingly popular.
Contentment. Reflections of a lazy man.
Crossing the Bar, by Tennyson. One of his latest and most beautiful poems.
Cry in the Darkness, The—The Sentinel's Alarm. A story of Indian treachery.
Deacon's Downfall, The. How he was converted by a sweet soprano.
Dreamin' o' Home. Pathetic.
Emergency, An. A kind heart often found under a coarse coat.
Flag at Shenandoah, The, by Joaquin Miller. Faithful unto death.
H'anthem, The. Encore.
Herod. Highly dramatic.
Her Perfect Lover. Encore.
Italian's Views of the Labor Question. Dialect. Humorous.
Lydia's Ride. An incident of the British occupation of Philadelphia.
Men at Gloucester. Dramatic rescue of men at sea.
Napoleon's Advice to an Actor. A hint to readers and actors.
Old Canteen, The. A mother's story of her two sons who took opposite sides in the war.
Old Vote for "Young Marster," An. A good story. Negro dialect.
Overboard. Pathetic description of a man washed overboard at sea.
Papa Was Stumped. He couldn't do fractions.
Puzzle, A. Encore.
Revenge, The, by Tennyson. An heroic sea-fight.
Seaweed. A beautiful fanciful poem.
Sir Hugo's Choice. A strong story of love and duty.
Sisterly Scheme, A. How a young girl supplanted her older sister. Very popular.
St. Patrick's Day. Irish dialect.
Stranded Bugle, The. A pleasing, fanciful poem.
Thar Was Jim. Pathetic.
That Sugar-Plum Tree. For children.
Two Gentlemen of Kentucky. Fine negro characterization.
Uncertain Pledge, An. Encore.
Unregistered Record, An. A negro jockey's story of a mad race.
What Else Could He Do? Encore.
Winnie's Welcome. A jolly Irish piece.
Woman's Career. Clever humor.
Worse than Marriage. Encore.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 22

Ah Yet's Christmas. A pathetic story of a little Chinese boy.
Big Enough Family, A. A little boy's opinion of babies.
By the Alma. A story of Scotch heroism.
Deacon's Week, The. Good for Missionary occasions.
Easter with Parepa, An. A powerfully pathetic Easter story.
Fall In. For G. A. R. occasions.
Fate of Sir John Franklin, The. A pathetic poem of Arctic adventure.
Gowk's Errant and What Cam'O't, A. A very amusing story done in Scotch.
Hagar. A dramatic picture of the departure of Hagar from Abraham's tent.
Hilda. A strong story of the power of a woman's love.
Hilda's Little Hood, by Hjalmer Hjorth Boyeson. A pleasing poem.
His Sister. Encore.
Hunt, The. A spirited description.
Joan of Arc's Farewell. Lofty and pathetic.
Jock Johnston, the Tinkler. A story of love and chivalry.
Leap-year Mishaps. As told by an old maid.
Little Black Phil. A touching incident of the Civil War.
Lost Purse, The. A humorous poem.
Marguerite. For Decoration Day. Pathetic and tender.
Mr. Kris Kringle, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. A touching Christmas story.
Mr. Potts' Story, by Max Adeler. Mrs. Potts curbs her husband's tendency to exaggeration.
My Double and How He Undid Me, by Edward Everett Hale. Humorous.
Mysterious Portrait, The. Amusing.
My Vesper Song. Parts to be sung.
Not Ashamed of Ridicule. An excellent boy's story.
Old Wife, The. Pathetic.
On the Other Train. Very pathetic and popular.
Rural Infelicity. Amusing.
Scallywag. Teaches a good lesson.
Soul of the Violin. A strong, pathetic story of an old musician.
Teacher's Diadem, The. Appropriate for Sabbath-schools.
Teaching a Sunday-school Class. A young lawyer's first experience. Humorous.
Them Oxen. Great-grandmother's story of how the oxen drew two hearts together.
Wind and the Moon, The, by George MacDonald. For Children.
Work, Work Away. Instructive and stimulating.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 23

Bells of Brookline, The. How they announced the end of the Civil War.

Benefits of the Constitution, by Daniel Webster. Oratorical and patriotic.

Busy. A bad spell and its results.

Chickadee, The. For children. Opportunity for bird notes.

Close of the Battle of Waterloo, by Victor Hugo. Full of dramatic power.

Count Gismond, by Robert Browning. Dramatic and chivalric.

Dance of Death, The, by Sir Walter Scott. A weird battle description.

Dead Pussy Cat, The. Child characterization.

Earl Sigurd's Christmas Eve. A spirited Norse Christmas story.

Easter Eve at Kerak-Moab. A thrilling and dramatic Easter tale.

Execution of Andre. Vivid description.

Execution of Sydney Carton, by Charles Dickens. An intensely dramatic story of the French Revolution.

How We Kept the Day, by Will Carleton. For 4th of July. Humorous, rollicking.

Influence of Great Actions, The, by Daniel Webster. Instructive eloquent.

Jimmy Brown's Attempt to Produce Freckles. Very amusing.

Literary Nightmare, A, by Mark Twain. Very funny and very popular.

My Fountain Pen, by Robert J. Burdette. Most amusing.

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep. A beautiful paraphrase.

Owyhee Joe's Story. A tale of the Wild West.

Phœbe's Exploit. How a little girl saved a train.

Saunders McGlashan's Courtship. A very popular piece of Scotch humor.

Saved by a Boy. Teaches a lesson of honesty. For little folks.

Tommy's Dead. Pathetic.

True Eloquence. A fine definition.

Used-to-be, The, by James Whitcomb Riley. A quaint and fanciful poem.

Warwick, the King Maker, by Lord Lytton. Historic and dramatic.

When de Darkey am a-Whistlin' in de Co'n. A plantation song.

What Miss Edith Saw from Her Window. Humorous.

When I Was a Boy, by Eugene Field. Pleasing memories of boyhood.

When the Light Goes Out. Wholesome advice in pleasing doses.

Whirling Wheel, The. Cheer to the heavy laden.

Wreck of "The Northern Belle," by Edwin Arnold. A tale of the treacherous sea. Dramatic.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 24

Art of Bookkeeping, The, by Thomas Hood. A humorous and exceedingly ingenious play upon words.

Ballad of Beau Brocade, The. Ancient tale of highwaymen of the last century.

Battle of Bannockburn, The. Vivid description.

Battle of Zaraila, by Ouida. A thrilling picture.

Black Zeph's Pard. A miner's tale. Pathetic.

Change of Heart, A. Encore.

Colored Philosophy. Negro dialect. Humorous.

Constantius and the Lion, by George Croly. Dramatic and thrilling.

Courting of T'nowhead's Bell, The. An amusing Scotch prose piece.

Crime Revealed by Conscience, by Daniel Webster. Oratorical.

Death of Carver Doon, The, by R. D. Blackmore. Very dramatic.

Execution of Lady De Winter, by Alexander Dumas. A gruesome tale.

Foreign Views of the Statue. Thoughts suggested to the immigrants on first seeing Bartholdi's statue. Amusing and very popular.

Getting the Right Start, by J. G. Holland. Excellent advice to young men.

How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost. A touching and thrilling story of the rescue of a child from under the horses' feet

Incident of the French Camp, An. Pathetic and dramatic.

John Brown's Body. An incident of the Civil War.

Mammy Gets the Boy to Sleep. Negro dialect. Amusing.

Miss Eva's Visit to the Ogre. A very pleasing story for children.

Murder of Nancy Sykes, The, by Charles Dickens. Highly dramatic.

One-legged Goose, The. A plantation story. Exceedingly funny.

Organ-tempest of Lucerne, The. A beautiful description.

Point Sublime, Colorado Cañon. Lofty and impressive description.

Rock-a-by Lady, The, Eugene Field. A pleasing song for little folks.

School-boys' Strike, by R. J. Burdette. Very amusing.

Seein' Things, by Eugene Field. Bedtime experiences.

Spelling Bee at Angel's, by Bret Harte. Incidents attending a frontier spelling bee.

Strike at Colchester, The. How the women went on a strike—and how they returned. Amusing.

Tribute to Our Honored Dead, A, by H. W. Beecher. Oratorical.

Washington's Address to His Troops. Patriotic and inspiring.

When Summer Says Gooo-by. Rollicking humor. Negro dialect.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 25

Ape and the Thinker, The. Humorous.
Back in War Days. An inspiring story for Decoration Day.
Calf Path, The. Amusing and suggestive.
Chrysanthemum, The. Clever humor.
Cuba Libre, by Joaquin Miller. Spain's cruelty and injustice set forth.
Death of Robespierre, by George Lippard. Dramatic and realistic.
Delayed in Transmission. How an unruly tongue blocked an important message.
Dr. Lanyon's Narrative. Dramatic extract from Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde.
Execution, The. An exciting story of My Lord Tomnoddy. Humorous.
Extending Credit. Encore.
Fiddle Told, The. A touching story of a convict's liberation.
Fight with the Aurochs, The. A thrilling tale of cruelty, heroism, and love, from "Quo Vadis."
Finnigin to Flannigan. An exceedingly clever bit of Irish humor.
From the Valley o' the Shadder. Affection for a kitten and its consequences.
Grand Advance, The. Heroic incident of the Civil War.
He Understood. Encore.
How June Found Massa Linkum. A very pathetic piece.
I Go Fishin'. Humorous.
King's Decree, The. Norseland chivalry. A fine poem.
Little Bugler's Alarm, The. A touching story of the Kaffir War.
Little Visitor, A. For young folks.
My Last Duchess, by Robert Browning. A strong narrative poem.
Night, by Jerome K. Jerome. Beautiful description.
Offering for Cuba, An. A tale of Spanish cruelty.
Napoleon Bonaparte and Toulssant L'Ouverture. A strong prose selection.
'Ostler Joe, by George R. Sims. A story of unfaltering love.
Practical Regeneration. An excellent church selection.
Recessional, by Rudyard Kipling. A beautiful spiritual poem.
Rizpah, by Tennyson. Strongly dramatic.
Settin' up with Peggy McKeag. From "The Latimers." Clever Scotch humor for church occasions.
Stop Yer Kickin'. Full of cheer.
What's the Difference? Encore.
Widow Mysie, The, by Robert Buchanan. A fine piece of humor.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 26

After the Fourth of July. Young America's appreciation of Independence Day.
Avalanche of Drugs, An. Very humorous.
Battle of Dundee, The. A humorous incident of the Boer War.
Battle of Manila. A vivid poetic description.
Billy, He's in Trouble. Droll humor.
Black Death of Bergen, The, by Lord Dufferin. A wierd Norse tale.
Bull of Bashan, A. Dramatic story of a Mexican rancher.
Cavalry Charge, The. A stirring martial poem.
Corporal Dick's Promotion, by Conan Doyle. Intensely dramatic and pathetic.
Dave Flint's Temptation. A strong temperance story. Scotch dialect.
Emir's Game of Chess, The. A strong oriental tale.
Every-day Case, An. A pathetic story of real life.
Happy Farmer, The. Droll humor.
How Christmas Came to Crappy Shute. Heroic and pathetic story of a newsboy.
How the Captain Saved the Day. Patriotic and pathetic
How they Stopped the Run, by Anthony Hope. Exciting run on a bank.
His Finish. A good golf story.
Indian Attack, The. A thrilling rescue.
I Vunder Vy? German humor.
Lucky Jim. A convict's sad experience.
Lullaby, by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Sleep song, Negro dialect.
Mission of a Song, The. Descriptive, religious, tender.
My Sweetheart. Pleasing.
Ole Mistis. A pathetic and thrilling story of the race track.
Organist, The. Impressive and touching.
Reasonable Doubt, A. In which a juryman discovers that a long-lost son is being tried for his life.
Ride by Night, The. A thrilling story of the Civil War.
Rock and the Sea, The. Eloquent description
Story the Doctor Told, The. A strong tale of a mother's self-sacrifice.
Sunset, by Shelley. A sublime description.
Thanksgiving Guest, The. A strong, pathetic Thanksgiving story.
That "Fellow" Who Came on Sunday. Humorous. Encore.
When de Co'n Pone's Hot. Bright and cheery. Dialect.
When Pa Begins to Shave. Humorous

Shoemaker's Best Selections No. 27

At the Telephone. The feminine side of a delicious conversation.
Belinda's Shopping. Encore.
Britannia to Columbia. Anglo-American friendship expressed in verse, by Britain's Poet-Laureate.
Brother Peasley's Mistake. Monologue. Funny all through, but especially at the close.
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